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A NATIONAL CATHOLIC
MONTHLY MAGAZINE

CONTENTS FOR MAY, 1927

"IN ACT APOSTLES, MARTYRS IN DESIRE"	578
By Father Harold Purcell, C.P.	
CURRENT FACT AND COMMENT	579
The Virgin Mother—Oracles of Wisdom—Christ's Policy Continued—Church Enrollment—The Fullest Foundation—Catholic Civil Allegiance—Re-Mailed Literature Appreciated.	
SEA HOMILIES: The Ship; The Sea; The Storm; The Voyagers	583
By John M. Simon, O.S.M.	
OUR LADY OF ASHES: Whence Comes the Miraculous Element in Statues	587
By Enid Dinnis	
NOTRE DAME DE PARIS	590
By J. W. Hardwick	
THE SIGN POST	591
FRANCE: The Catholic Counter-Attack Against the Action Française	595
By Denis Gwynn	
A BIGGER STAGE: Whereon the Actor-Convert Plays a New Role	598
By Richard Stoneleigh	
INVISIBLE SPEARS	604
By P. J. O'Connor Duffy	
CATEGORICA: As Set Forth in News and Opinion	605
Edited by N. M. Law	
VIA DOLOROSA: Chapter Tenth in the Highway of the Cross	607
THE SCOURGING	609
By Sister M. Benvenuta, O.P.	
OUR LADY OF PITY: The Appeal of Jesus Crucified	610
By Francis Shea, C.P.	
THE HAUNTED MILL: No. 2 in a Story of the New Jersey Pines	612
By Marion Pharo Hilliard	
BROKEN WINGS	618
By Hugh F. Blunt	
ARCHCONFRATERNITY COMMENT	619
OUR JUNIOR READERS	621
THE PASSIONISTS IN CHINA	625
INDEX TO WORTHWHILE BOOKS	635
DONATIONS	637

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Diocese of
Newark, New Jersey

MISSION SUNDAY May 15, 1927

The Society for the
Propagation of the Faith
(Newark Diocesan Branch)

Founded by

Rt. Rev. JOHN J. O'CONNOR, D.D.

Diocesan Director

REV. WILLIAM A. GRIFFIN

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"In Act, Apostles; Martyrs in Desire"

To the Readers of THE SIGN:

My Dear Friends:

You are familiar with the present unhappy conditions in China, and, I am sure, you are not forgetting in your prayers our Missionaries, their personal needs and the needs of their converts. Will you please read carefully this month's issue of our mission section, pages 625 to 634.

We can readily imagine the heart-breaking discouragement of the Missionaries at the *apparent* loss of time, money and personal hardship after a period of five strenuous years. But, remember, the loss is only *apparent*. No work ever done for God has been done in vain, and what seems to be a present failure must be a final success.

That our Missionaries are Apostles in Act, and Martyrs in Desire, is evident from their determination to remain at their posts, let the worst come to the worst. Monsignor Langenbacher, C.P., has only expressed the innermost convictions of the other Missionaries when he recently wrote them this decision:

We have decided that it is best for one of the Missionaries and a companion to remain at all principal stations or where we have been accustomed to keep a resident priest Even though war should, be threatened [with America], even then, our duty to our people, who are new in the Faith, might require us to remain with them until we are forcibly driven out or suffer personal injury. Our Christians might find it impossible to make the proper distinction [between suffering for a political cause and suffering for the Faith] and they might be lead to think that while we are willing to preach faithfulness unto death, we are unwilling to exemplify in ourselves that which we preach to them. . . . God grant that we may be spared to our people for many years of work in their midst. But, if He decides otherwise, let us be ready and willing to meet the worst.

The conversion of a nation from paganism to Christianity is one of the most radical through which a people can go; and such a conversion is usually accompanied by the spilling of martyrs' blood. Our Missionaries have no illusions in regard to present conditions in China. They are prepared to make the supreme sacrifice and to make it gladly in imitation of Him Who for us men and for our salvation did not hesitate to shed the last drop of His Precious Blood.

Pray earnestly for our Missionaries, and particularly for their converts, "new in the Faith," that in the hour of persecution they may not fail.

Faithfully yours in Christ,

Father Harold Purcell, C.P.

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All Money Accruing from the
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Volume Six

May, 1927

Number Ten

Current Fact and Comment

The Virgin Mother

MAY is the month of Our Lady. It is fitting that this beautiful time of the year, the month of spring and flowers, should be dedicated to God's fairest creature. Each recurring spring-time brings out in sharp relief the figure of the Lily of Israel.

The lily is the emblem of purity, and the little Maid of Nazareth stands for all that is good and sweet and holy in womankind. Even in the reflected holiness of her Son the Mother's goodness is not diminished. In her is enshrined every virtue, but in a special manner is that great triumph of virtues glorified—faith, love and humility: faith in God's word when she did not understand; love that would put no limit to her sacrifice; humility that prompted her to call herself merely the handmaid of the Lord. In this gracious woman is the most perfect human holiness exemplified; womanhood is exalted and human nature is joined to the Divine.

Unfortunately there are those who abhor the idea of love and veneration for God's holy Mother. But does honor for the Son forbid honor for the Mother or rather does it not command it? Is it necessary to suppress all love for the Mother to show thereby the greatness of the Son? Did the glory of any son or any daughter ever suffer on account of the honor meted out to the mother? In his contempt for Mary-cult, or Mariolotry as he would call it, the non-Catholic seeks to exalt the God-Man, but in this the Protestant does injury both to the plain injunction

of Scripture and the best instincts of our nature.

Yet, no matter what is said of her by the misguided who would refuse her honor, Mary is always the Mother of the Redeemer. Her love for her Son and His love for her will always call forth the love and admiration of men. What need for us to praise her who carried in her immaculate bosom the Hope of the world and whom the Holy Spirit inspired St. Elizabeth to hail as blessed among women?

Oracles of Wisdom

NOTWITHSTANDING the true progress of knowledge and the characteristic broadmindedness of the great body of the American people today, there is altogether too much professional, political and religious narrowness, in mind and action, on the part of some so-called leaders of public opinion. Their well-deserved success in their chosen profession or branch of knowledge or political position has somewhat turned their heads and led them to set themselves up as authorities in other professions not originally chosen by them, and in other branches of knowledge in which they have neither the aptitude nor the equipment to become expert.

Such meddlers are a positive obstacle to sound progress. For their eminence of position overawes and misleads the innocent, unsuspecting, well-meaning citizen, who therefore thinks what they think, fears what they fear, condemns what they condemn, and approves what they approve.

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It were better for such meddlers, and for the rest of the world as well, if they would retrace their steps, recall the old adage: "Shoemaker, stick to your last," and confine themselves to the sphere for which, it seems, the Almighty had originally fitted them.

But with a cocksureness that springs mostly from ignorance, they *speak*,—and in speaking, they remind us of the type described by the English dramatist in the following words: "I am Sir Oracle, and when I ope my mouth, let no dog bark." They let fly the unwarranted statement, or the unproved charge, forgetting (or perhaps never really appreciating) the sound principle "what is gratuitously asserted, is gratuitously denied." They use terms, as if they did not know that terms are to be employed in the received, standard signification. From obscurity of words results obscurity of ideas in the mind of the hearer or reader. In interpreting the sense of another's discourse, these Oracles of Wisdom seem to disregard the principle that terms must be understood in the sense intended by the speaker or author, and that, in this understanding, words must be considered not only in themselves, but in their context.

With this in mind it is easy to see that men, who are geniuses in their respective professions or trades or sciences, do at times step out of their own field with a consequent loss of prestige to themselves and an unwholesome influence upon others. The genius of electricity unwisely leaves aside for a while his study of the principles that underlie the arc-lamp or the radio-phone to dabble in disquisitions on the nature of the human soul. Men skilled in the civil law and capable of giving a sound unquestioned exposition thereof, too often assume that they are equally skilled in philosophy and theology and canon law. The result is a confusion of ideas in regard to the plainest and most indispensable truths. And yet these same eminent men resent, and justly resent, any encroachment upon their respective fields of knowledge.

We speak not at all of the type that stoops to scurrility and to the wholesale abuse of others holding different opinions, but only of representative leaders, whose personal sincerity we do not question. For example, why should Mr. Edison, the master-mind of the science of electricity, but utterly devoid of the scientific knowledge of philosophy and theology, essay to make contribution to the literature of philosophy and theology. Why should Mr. Heflin, representing in the United States Senate the people of a great

State, misuse his time and his colleagues' time on the floor of the Senate to launch unwarranted and unwarrantable attacks against the Catholic Church and therefore against the truths held sacred by twenty millions of his fellow-citizens? Why should Mr. Marshall step out of the field of civil law, in which he is so well versed, and attempt to expound Catholic doctrine of which his recent "open letter" proves his ignorance?

Our point is simply that, in all the domains of knowledge, we should go to first-hand teachers. In other words, if we desire the truth of electricity, let us go to Mr. Edison, the wizard of electricity; if we desire knowledge on legislative procedure, we might consult Mr. Heflin; if we desire to be guided aright on points of civil law, by all means, let us go humbly to Mr. Marshall; but if we desire a sound exposition of Catholic doctrine in any of its phases, we shall pass over Messrs. Edison and Heflin and Marshall and confidently have recourse to Ambrose and Augustine, to Thomas Aquinas and Bonaventure, to Alphonsus and Leo XIII.

Most of all, we shall have recourse to the infallible teaching authority of the Church, vested in her by Christ Himself. In having such recourse, we shall be ever mindful of the principles governing the use of terms and the agreement of statements with their contexts. How easily, securely and rapidly, true knowledge would advance, if some of our intellectual luminaries would only set themselves to the task of learning how to read!

Christ's Policy Continued

H SHORT while ago, twelve Passionist students were raised to the great dignity of the Catholic priesthood by the Rt. Rev. Pascual Diaz, D.D., Bishop of Tabasco. Monsignor Diaz is a full-blooded Mexican Indian. Two days after this event, THE SIGN welcomed to its office the Rt. Rev. Odoric Tch'eng O.F.M., Vicar Apostolic of Puchi, Hupeh, China. Monsignor Tch'eng, a native of China, was elevated to the episcopate by our Holy Father, Pius XI. A couple of weeks ago, we read of the ordination to the priesthood of six young natives of Uganda, Africa.

To many Americans a foreigner is an inferior person. He certainly is not the one on whom to bestow any honors. A Mexican Indian, or a native of Cathay, or a dark-hued son of Uganda are of races far removed from us who have the

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superior advantages of American wealth, learning and culture!

But, the Mother of all men, the Church of God, knows better and continues to fulfill the injunction of her divine Founder to teach all nations. And like Him Who raised poor fishermen and publicans to the unparalleled dignity of the apostleship, she continues to bestow her highest honors on the sons of all nations. To her there is "neither bond nor free, Greek nor barbarian." From the deserts of Uganda to the mesas of Mexico or to the rice fields of China is a far call, but the Holy Roman Catholic Church, God's great democracy, universal as the globe and as all-embracing as the heavens above, welcomes all races and nationalities within her fold and from among them selects some on whom she bestows her highest honors.

According to the census there are more than 47,500,000 Americans who are professed members of church congregations, with an increase of less than half of the increase of 1925. The Catholic Church is credited with more than 16,000,000 with a gain of 146,275 members over the previous year. In spite of repeated objections to Dr. Carroll's method of making up the Catholic census, he still refuses to count, as church members, our children, but admits that if they were counted our total Catholic enrollment would be 15 per cent. higher than he actually makes it. We are satisfied that even with this added increase our Catholic population is a great deal larger than Dr. Carroll states; but, whether we be more or less than we are estimated to be, the main thing is that Catholics increase in goodness of life, purity of morals, and understanding of the Faith.

Church Enrollment

DR. H. J. CARROLL has compiled a census of the religious affiliations of the people of the United States for 1926. Here is the list of various Churches as published in *The Christian Herald*:

Denomination	Communicants	Gain
Roman Catholic	16,193,171	146,257
Methodist Episcopal	4,545,866	29,060
Southern Baptist	3,707,523	65,918
National Baptist (col.) '25.....	3,310,969
Methodist Episcopal, South.....	2,538,311	4,198
Presbyterian, U. S. A.	1,868,055	39,139
Disciples of Christ.....	1,436,575	*4,887
Northern Baptist (1925).....	1,374,688
Protestant Episcopal	1,173,679	8,768
Congregationalist (est.)	918,029	16,369
United Lutheran	860,633	10,193
African Methodist Epis.....	721,034	23,005
Lutheran Synod of Mo.....	638,115	9,420
Latter-Day Saints (Utah Branch)	558,463	22,804
African M.E. Zion (1925).....	490,000
Presbyterian in U.S. (South).....	462,177	5,084
United Brethren in Christ.....	393,733	1,578
Jewish Congregations (1925).....	357,135
Reformed Church in U.S.....	349,711	1,709
Evangelical Synod of N.A.....	332,667	27,047
Colored Methodist Episcopal... Churches of Christ (Disciples), 1916	331,021	*10,980
Norwegian Lutheran	317,937
Greek (Hellenic) Orthodox....	289,232	1
Lutheran Augustana Synod.....	270,000	14,000
Evangelical Church	220,272	4,567
Russian Orthodox (1925).....	208,171	5,179
	200,000

*Loss.

The Fullest Fountain

THE PRESENT agitation on the part of certain non-Catholic clergymen for a return of their co-religionists to the practice of auricular confession may be based on the plea that the individual soul needs individual treatment, that sick souls require the sympathetic understanding and directive counsel that can come only from the intimate personal relations between the "confessor" and the one confessing. It may also be based (and we hope it is) on a growing conviction that sin is more than a mere mental complex, that it is a spiritual disease, and that the sinner needs the grace of a spiritual healing. In this latter case, the Protestant confessional will never satisfy the repentant sinner. He seeks something more than sympathy, however considerate, and something more than direction, however wise. As was well said, more than half a century ago, by the non-Catholic historian, James Anthony Froude in *The Nemesis of Faith*:

"If there be any such thing as sin, in proportion to the depth with which men feel it, they will gravitate towards Rome. If it be true that the souls even of holy men are as continually contradicting infirmity as their bodies are; if absolution is as constantly necessary for the one as ablution is for the other; as men of cleanly habits of body are more sensitive to the most trifling dirt spot, so men of sensitive consciences are miserable under taints upon a surface which to the vulgar eye seems pure as snow. . . add to

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this the conviction that the priest's voice and hand alone can dispense the purifying stream; and beyond question, where the fountain runs fullest, thither they will seek to go."

Catholic Civil Allegiance

THE SIGN is not especially interested in the fortunes of any political party seeking government control, nor of any individual running for the office of President of these United States, or that of village dog-catcher. But we are very much concerned about the civil rights of all American Catholics, not only to vote, but also to hold any public office for which they are properly fitted.

From the very first days of our Colonial history, there has existed an impression, since extended into many sections of the land, that Catholics owe two allegiances; one to Washington and the other to Rome, and that, therefore, no convinced Catholic can give the fullest measure of loyalty to his Country and his Church at the same time.

We have known the absolute injustice of this accusation and have been more or less powerless against it, in spite, not only of our sincere verbal protestations, but also of the eloquent testimony of our heroic Catholic dead, who, from the beginning of the Revolutionary War to the end of the World War, were always found on the side of liberty and loyalty.

It remained for Mr. Charles G. Marshall, a lawyer by profession and a member of the Episcopalian Church, to question the civil allegiance of Catholics, in the pages of a National periodical. Governor Smith's able and honest reply furnished Mr. Marshall with all the information that he needed; but evidently he was not looking for truth, but for controversy. Had he been satisfied to take the Governor's answer as the convinced statement of a loyal American and staunch Catholic, Mr. Marshall's name would be honorably linked with what will probably become a document of historical import. But his precipitate haste in answering the Governor marks him as a narrow-minded pettifogger—quite different from the honest, open-minded truth-seeker he purported to be in his *Atlantic Monthly* article.

Fifty-three years ago Mr. Marshall's question was asked by a greater lawyer and churchman than Mr. Marshall can ever hope to be. Said

Archbishop Ullathorne: "We have seen within this fortnight a marvellous spectacle—an English statesman [Mr. Gladstone], first among the foremost, a Protestant if ever a man was Protestant, subtle in the rhetoric of speech beyond the force of logic, planting himself on the side of this unhappy sect [Old Catholics], but taking his lesson from its members and stepping forth in a most singular production to interrogate Her Majesty's Catholic subjects, in a see-saw, self-contradictory fashion, as to their duties of civil allegiance to the State."

Mr. Gladstone was satisfactorily answered by Cardinal Manning, Cardinal Newman and Archbishop Ullathorne; and he lived to see the day when he was convinced that between the religious allegiance of Catholics and their civil allegiance there can be no conflict. We do not know whether Mr. Marshall, and others similarly deluded, will ever get the grace to see straight, but this we do know: That Catholics, as Catholics, have a special reason for obedience to civil law and constituted authority, and that reason is the fixed and unchangeable doctrine of the Catholic Church that her children should be loyal and obedient, for God's sake as well as man's sake, to whatever civil government that is established over the society in which they live.

Re-Mailed Literature Appreciated

THE FOLLOWING excerpt from a letter received by the Students' Mission Society at the St. Paul Seminary, from a priest in one of our western missions illustrates how the re-mailing of Catholic literature is appreciated: "Many thanks for your kind letter. I am grateful that some one is going to help me in my work through and by the mails. I have 20,000 square miles and 22 missions. Be sure of my prayers and gratitude." The missionary lists 170 Catholic families and 40 Protestant families, who would profit much by having Catholic literature re-mailed to them. A note to the Rev. Rudolph G. Bandas, St. Paul Seminary, St. Paul, Minn., mentioning the name of the paper or magazine you will be willing to re-mail will bring you the name of a family in a rural community to whom your paper would be of value. Father Bandas informs us that as a result of a former appeal many readers of THE SIGN have signified their intention of re-mailing Catholic literature to the rural districts. We trust that other readers will follow their lead.

Sea Homilies: *The Ship: The Sea: The Storm: The Voyagers.*

I. THE SHIP

By JOHN M. SIMON, O. S. M.

"And Jesus, going into the ship desired him to draw back a little from the land. And sitting He taught the multitudes out of the ship."—(MATT. 5/3.)

THE RESTLESS sea with its ever-tossing, insecure, temporary surface, is the fit symbol of time with its continual movement and change. As each drop of water in the sea ever moves to a different place, so man's life changes continually for better or for worse, with every second of time. By contrast the firm shoreland may well stand for unchanging eternity—stable, permanent, secure.

As the voyager starts from the firm land and braves for some days the unpredictable storms and perils of the tossing sea, not to dwell thereon, but only in order to reach the coasts of a more delectable country—so does each man set out from the eternal decrees of God's foreknowledge and power, to cross the time-sea of earthly life for a few years, in order to reach the ever-happy land of eternity. For, "we have here no abiding home but seek one which is to come." (HEB. 13/14.)

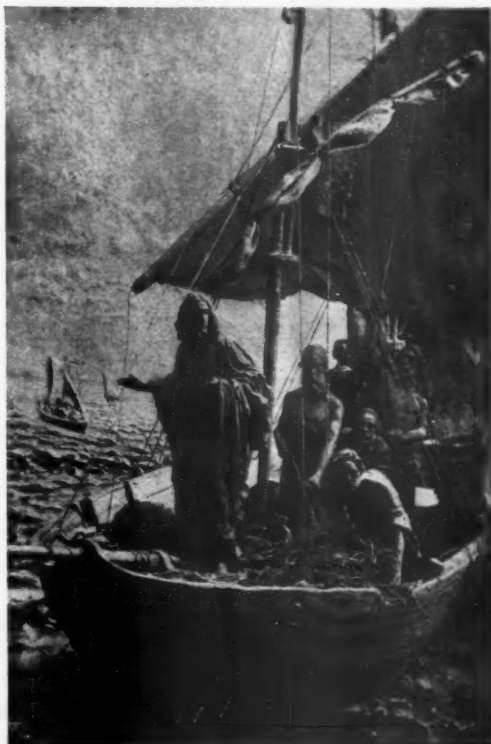
But, which ship of many shall man choose to bear him safely over the tide of time? That which the Master Voyager in time, Christ Himself, did choose—the ship of Peter. Let men, like Christ, "go into the ship which was Simon's." Thence alone does Christ "teach the multitudes" the way of salvation. And Peter's ship going ever forward on the sea of time, gathering therefrom the souls of men in the disciples' nets to bear

them safely to the shore of eternity, is the Church—prefigured by that first great ship, the ark of Noah, wherein were gathered the living creatures of many varieties that perished not in the great Flood—which latter symbolized the world as deluged by original sin.

Christ Himself drew out but "a little from the shore" in Peter's boat, to indicate mystically that His direct and immediate mission was but to the narrow circle of Palestinian Jewry ("I am not sent except to the lost sheep of The House of Israel": (MATT. 15/25.) and for the short space of His own lifetime. But to Peter and his companions, "Fishers of men" (MARK 1/17.) was given the world-broad and time-long

majestic mandate: "Launch out into the deep, and let down your nets" (MATT. 5/4.)—repeated unfiguratively in the parting injunction: "Going, therefore, teach ye all nations . . . and, lo! I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world!" (MATT. 28/19 - 20.) For, "the Kingdom of Heaven," the Church, is indeed "like to a net cast into the sea" of time, from Peter's ship, "and gathering together all kinds of fishes" (MATT. 13/47-50.)—the souls of men of every clime and race, rich and poor, good and bad, worthy and unworthy. And at the end of time when Christ shall again be described "standing on the shore" of near eternity ("for they were not far from the

land" JOHN 21/8.), then shall Simon Peter again "go up" into the ship "and draw the net to land, full of great fishes, one hundred and



THE MIRACULOUS DRAUGHT OF FISHES

THE † SIGN

fifty-three." (JOHN 21/11.) And there, "sitting by the shore," on the Judgment Day, "they shall choose the good into vessels, but the bad they shall cast forth" (MATT. 13/48.)

I am thankful to Thee, O Lord, maker of the land and sea, that Thou in Thy mercy hast granted me to traverse the troubled waters of this life in the safe bark of Peter; that through Thy mercy I have not, like Thy prophet Jonas, in error taken "a ship going to Tarsis," away "from the face of the Lord" (JON. 1/3.) for, on the day of Thy wrath "with a violent wind Thou shalt break in pieces the ships of Tarsis" (Ps. 47/8.) Help me so to live in Thy Church that upon arrival at the shore of eternity in the hour of death, I may not be "cast forth," but rather chosen with the good to have a part in that ever-blissful land.

II. THE SEA

"If I take my wings early in the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea—even there also shall Thy hand lead me, and Thy right hand shall hold me." — (Ps. 138/9-10.)

"THEY that go down to the sea in ships, doing business upon the great waters, these have seen the works of the Lord, and His wonders in the great deep" (Ps. 106/23-24.) The ocean's immensity makes men reflect upon the Divine Omnipotence, and the utter dependence of man upon it. With the crash of every wave there resound again the words of God to Job:

"Who shut up the sea with doors, when it broke forth as issuing from the womb?"

"Where wast thou when I made a cloud the garment thereof, and wrapped it in mist as in swaddling bands? . . .

"I set My barriers around it, and hemmed it in with bars and doors. And I said: 'Thus far

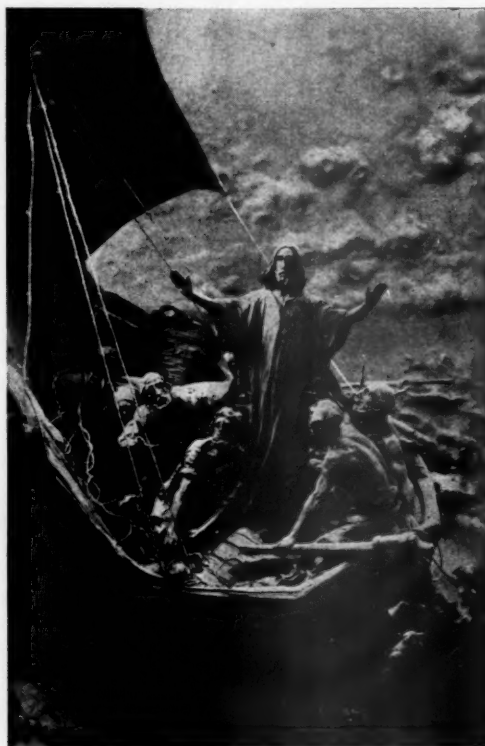
shalt thou come, and shalt go no farther: here shalt thou break thy swelling waves.'" (JOB 38/8-11.)

Above the head of the ocean voyager hangs the great vaulted intangible abyss of air and sky; beneath his feet is that other abyss of gurgling, moving waters. On the line of contact and battle between these two blind gigantic powers of nature, man is suspended upon a fragile air-bubble. If it burst, can he seize the sea? Or will the air afford his foot a resting place? No! To God alone, Who made and commands the winds and the sea" (MATT. 8/26.) can he call for succor and support: "Lord, save me!" (MATT. 14/30.) And He Who of old walked upon the waves of the sea of Galilee, whose fluid waters became to His feet a road immobile as the adamant rock on the mountainside, He alone then can stretch out His right hand, as He did once to Peter sinking, to carry to safety him who is being submerged by the blind violence of Nature. "O thou of little faith, why shouldst thou doubt?"

They who sail the seas must cling to the hem of God's providence. "He sayeth the word—and a hurricane rises: and the waves of the sea are lifted up. [The mariners] mount

up to the heavens, and sink down to the depths. Their souls are dissolved with illness. They are troubled and reel like drunken men; and a'l their skill avails them naught. Then they cry to the Lord in their affliction—and He bringeth them out of their distress. He turns the hurricane into a breeze, and the tossing waves are stilled. And they rejoice because of the calm—and He brings them to the desired haven." (Ps. 106/25-30.)

Truly, in testimony of God's omnipotence and all-presence,



CHRIST STILLING THE WIND AND WAVES

THE † SIGN

"The tides have lifted up, O Lord; the tides have lifted up their voice!

"The tides have lifted up their waves, with the noise of many waters!

"Wonderful are the surges of the sea: wonderful is the Lord on High!"—(Ps. 92/3-4.)

Praise, therefore, "O ye sea and rivers, bless the Lord!" (DAN. 3.) in Whom, as in an ocean of goodness and power, "we live and move and have our being" (ACTS 17/28.) Grant me, then, O Thou Who dost command "the waters that are under heaven to be gathered together into one place" (GEN. 1/9.) one day to be gathered with the rest of Thy Holy Ones upon the "sea of glass like to crystal," which lies calm throughout the endless stretches of eternity in the sight of Thy Throne (APOC. 4/6.)

III. THE STORM

"And behold a great tempest arose in the sea, so that the boat was covered with waves. But He was asleep."

—(MATT. 8/24.)

OFTEN the little bark of each individual's life for many a year sails tranquilly along across the sea of time, as did the disciples' boat

long ago across Genesareth toward the sunset hills of Basan. Then unexpectedly, suddenly, a squall bursts down. The bitter waters of sorrow and suffering rise in great waves which would fain break and engulf the frail man-fashioned planks of our life plan. We had depended upon the fair winds of Divine favor to waft us always thus easily onward to life's goal. But these are gone, and instead our sails of striving are buffeted and torn by sudden sirrocos of hellish fury. The clear sky of God's smiling bounty is all at once dark and lowering

with black clouds of temptation, humiliation, despair. Our companions, our very helpers and pilots, are themselves huddled cowering aghast at our misfortunes, no better than Job's counsellors. We are ready to cry out to God: "Thou hast cast me forth into the deep, into the abyss of the sea; the flood hath compassed me; all Thy billows and waves have passed over me! The waters (of tribulation) swirled about me even to my life. The abyss hath closed over me; the sea hath covered my head!" (JON. 2/4-6.)

And meantime, where is He Whom we ever carried as guest during the placid days of life's voyage? Can our enemies taunt us, as they did the Psalmist of old: "Where is thy God?" (Ps. 41/4.) Has Christ left and abandoned us? Must our soul, too, cry out in death anguish: "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" (MATT. 27/46.)

No, He has not abandoned us, any more than He has abandoned the little craft of the disciples on Genesareth Lake, where "He was in the stern of the ship, sleeping upon a cushion" (MARK 4/37.) And there, whilst His eyes were closed and His body slept, nevertheless His Divinity was cognizant of all the turmoil of the storm, as



THE PREACHING OF ST. PAUL THE APOSTLE

well as of the fear in the hearts of the disciples. And, why was Christ thus asleep at this crisis? In order to elicit acts of confidence and trust in His Divine providential dispositions and power. For, "He that hath brought the evils upon you, He shall deliver you . . . Be of good comfort, and cry to the Lord. For you shall be remembered by Him . . . As it was your mind to go astray from God, so, when you return again, you shall seek Him ten times as much. For, He that hath brought the evils upon you, shall bring you everlasting joy again with your salvation."

THE † SIGN

By the storms of temptation and suffering which sometimes threaten to wreck our life's craft, does the Master bring us back to a realization of His presence among us: "Because my soul is bowed down upon me, therefore shall I be mindful of Thee!" (Ps. 41/7.) But we, with all our memories of His earlier goodness to us, will not cry in despairing scepticism: "Master, doth it not concern Thee that we perish?" (MARK 4/38.) None the less the weakness of our human nature will make us also call upon Him in our anguish: "Lord, save us, we perish!" (MATT. 8/25.) We will rouse Him with our prayer, humble, trustful petition, resigned always to the ways and means which His Divine wisdom sees best for us, lest we too deserve the rebuke: "Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith?" (MATT. 8/26.) And then, before we realize it, He will have commanded the winds of passions and the seas of suffering, and in our souls too, as that evening upon Lake Genesareth, there will have come "a great calm." And when we look about us once more, perhaps we shall understand that the storm, through which we passed in such travail of mind, has indeed more speedily brought us closer to the haven of our destiny.

IV. THE VOYAGER

"But Paul . . . sailed" (Acts 18/18.)

IN THE great ancient port of Corinth, vicious with the vices of all maritime cities at the same time that it seethed with their variegated crowds, St. Paul, the former pupil of Gamaliel in the Jerusalem schools, with his gnarled hands plied the trade of sailcloth-maker, (Acts 18/30.), that he "might be chargeable to no man for that which was wanting to him" (II COR. 11/19.) Overseas merchants, masters of vessels, galley slaves, with all these was he bound to come in contact. And many a tale could he spin of the adventures of his numerous voyages. To those same Corinthians he could say: "I also may glory a little: . . . thrice I suffered shipwreck; a night and a day was I in the waters of the sea . . . in perils of the ocean" (II COR. 11/16-26.),—alleging thus proofs of his zeal for the service of Christ.

Where Christ the Master had voyaged only on the inland sea of Galilee, Paul His Apostle traversed almost every stretch of what Homer of old had apostrophized as "the wine-purple waters" of the Mediterranean, both as a missionary and a prisoner for the sake of Christ's love. What travel adventures are not hidden

beneath those brief notes of Luke, his travel companion's itinerary (Acts 28/28.)?

WE SAILED in the lee of Cyprus, because the winds were contrary . . .

"And when for many days we had sailed slowly, and were scarce come opposite Knidus, the wind not allowing us, we sailed near Crete via Salmone. And with much ado sailing by it, we came into a certain place called Good-Havens. . . And whereas it was not a commodious haven to winter in, the greater number gave counsel to sail thence, if by any means they could reach Phenice, to winter there—it being a harbor of Crete.

"But not long after there arose against the ship a typhoon-like wind. And when the ship was caught thereby and could not tack against it, giving up the ship to the wind we were driven ahead of it. And running under the lee of an island called Cauda, we had much trouble hauling the ship's boat up along side. But when it was brought up, they undergirded the ship with reinforcing cables. Then, fearing lest they should be run on the shoals, they hauled down the sail yard, and so drifted.

"Being mightily tossed with the tempest, the next day they lightened the ship.

"And the third day they jettisoned with their own hands the [spare] ship's gear.

"And when neither sun nor stars appeared for many days and no small storm lay on us, all hope of our being saved was now taken away . . .

"But after the fourteenth night was come . . . about midnight, the sailors thought some land was in the offing. And upon sounding they found twenty fathoms; and going a little farther they found fifteen fathoms. Then, fearing lest we should fall afoul of reefs, they cast four anchors out of the stern, and prayed for daylight . . .

"And when it was day they did not recognize the landfall. But they noticed a certain inlet that had a shore upon which they aimed, if possible, to beach the ship. So when they had cut the anchor cables, they let themselves run in with the tide, loosing the rudder ties. Hoisting the mainsail to the wind they made for the shore. And when we came to an arm of land extending into the sea, they ran the ship aground. And the forepart indeed sticking on, remained fast, but the afterpart was broken with the violence of the sea. . .

"But the centurion wishing to save Paul . . . ordered that they who could swim, should cast themselves first into the sea, to save themselves

THE † SIGN

and get to land. And the rest, some floated on planks, and some on the ship's furnishings. And so it came to pass that every soul got safe to land.—And we were in all in the ship, two hundred three score and sixteen souls."

WHAT a voyage! One amongst many such made by St. Paul! "What of it," he says, "just so that by all means, whether by occasion or on purpose, Christ may be preached"—to which

he adds: "In this I am happy, yea, and will continue to rejoice!" (PHIL. 1/18.)

It is to the stout-hearted voyaging of St. Paul that we of the Western world owe the Faith. Let us not be faint-hearted in communicating this same treasure to others, for, "for Christ we are ambassadors" (II Cor. 5/20). To each of us on life's voyage it may be said, as it was to St. Paul, on the voyage just noted: "Behold, God hath given thee all them that sail with thee."

Our Lady of Ashes

Whence Comes the Miraculous Element in Statues?

By ENID DINNIS

"I THINK that it is rather puerile to imagine that we object to images," the Reunionist remarked in his tired voice when the Apologist finished his neat little disquisition on the well-worn charge of idolatry brought against Catholics. "The only point one would like to be enlightened upon is the reason why one image should possess more virtue than another. Why there should be a special efficacy attached to the Holy Child of Prague, for instance."

"Yes, and what is more," the Separatist put in—he was a separated brother who upheld his position of segregation with the utmost frankness—"any reproduction of the 'Holy Bambino' or 'Holy Madonna' seems also to possess a special efficacy. If an image is merely a reminder . . ."

The Apologist darted an S. O. S. at Father Roberts, the rector of the little adjacent mission, who had dropped into the hotel garden for a chat with the guests. Father Roberts was an easy-going, unapologetic kind of Catholic with a special devotion to a great many things for which he would not be handy with a text-book explanation. The languid gaze of the Reunionist, a very brilliant young man, grew more languid when it fixed itself on the priest's chubby countenance.

"Of course there are miraculous images," Father Roberts said, as though he were thus supplying an answer to the disconcerting objection.

"Ghastly things, miraculous images," another member of the party put in. He was a facetious medical student who had nicknamed

the Reunionist "the Germ-Carrier" because he carried about

the Popery germ and infected others with it without getting the complaint himself. "I saw several when I was in France and Italy and I never found one that approached being a work of art."

"The use of images has always been a feature of Catholic worship," the Reunionist said; "the miraculous part might be termed the *abuse* of images by the ignorant." He shifted his weary gaze inconsequently for a moment to the north-east side of the veranda on which they were seated. "It comes from a certain materialism inherent in the mind of man."

At this point the Outsider entered the field. "Well," he said, "we have some interesting data to go upon." He had been interested in the discussion raised by his dogmatic friends. "It seems that the special devotion paid to a particular image is a lapse into materialism. Then we are told that the virtue associated with the image is attached to any copy of it, as is the case of the Holy Child of Prague or Our Lady of Good Help, which seems like a modification of the other idea. And then we hear a lament that the miraculous image should not be a work of art, which suggests that a well conducted country, like, say England under the Reunion, might produce a pious legend of the artist whose taste and execution were so faultless that he achieved a work of art in the way of a statue that worked miracles."

IT WAS at this point that Father Roberts entered into the controversy. Characteristically, he burst out laughing. The last part of the speech had tickled him.

THE † SIGN

"You are amused, Father," the Apologist said reprovingly. "I am sure that nobody here would suspect you of possessing the most artistic Catholic church in the diocese." It was just as well to trail a red herring across the track until he had looked up the question of veneration paid to certain images, and the representations of images.

"Have you been around it?" the priest asked. "If not, I shall be delighted to show it to any of you. It is not my doing, the taste and all that. It is my predecessor's achievement. He had an artist's soul and he made up his mind to have everything of the best—on a small scale, you know, but perfect."

The little company seemed inclined to accept the invitation on the spot. There was still time before dinner and the priest had made himself very agreeable. The minute edifice that served the Catholic population of the riverside resort was close by the hotel.

"Come along, old man," the Jokist said to the Germ-Carrier, "a few more germs won't hurt you, and I don't suppose there will be a miraculous image. I don't fancy that even the Roman Church favors them much in England now-a-days."

Father Roberts caught the remark. He smiled good humoredly.

The tiny church proved to be well worthy of inspection. Everything was on a small scale but fastidiously conformed to the canons of ecclesiastical art. A rugged simplicity was the keynote. The fifteenth-century crucifix over the altar was rough-hewn. The statue of St. Joseph accommodated on a window ledge, from lack of space, was virile. Even the Sacred Heart representation was satisfying. The general effect was admirably dignified. The visitors were duly impressed.

WHEN the Apologist said: "By the way, where is the statue of Our Lady?"

"Ah, we are the proud possessors of a Lady Chapel," Father Roberts replied, with real pride in his voice, and led the way to a kind of lean-to annex on the right of the little sanctuary. "You must tell me what you think of the statue of Our Lady."

The little group ranged itself in front of the recess and proceeded to inspect the central object.

The statue of Our Lady stood in a carved wooden niche. The wooden niche was in excellent taste; the statue was of porcelain. It had a very pink face and tiny little pink hands. The painted locks were of a vivid yellow, and the

gown was mauve colored. There were rosebuds all over the cloak. Our Lady wore blue slippers. Anything more opposed to ecclesiastical art unless it were a Dresden china shepherdess could not well be imagined.

"What do you think of it?" asked Father Roberts.

THE REUNIONIST was the first to answer. He shifted his gaze for a second from the statue and propped it up wearily against the wall of the lean-to. Then he dragged it back to the shepherdess.

"It's hardly in keeping with the rest," he observed. "Rather another style, wouldn't you say? Victorian?"

The Separatist was bluntly spoken. "It's terrible," he said.

"Terrible enough to be miraculous," the Jokist suggested. "It must have found its way here by a miracle."

The Outsider said nothing. He was scrutinizing the statue in what the others took to be an eloquent silence.

"It was given to my predecessor," Father Roberts explained, "and he didn't want to offend the donor so he put it here and the people took a fancy to it, so it had to stay. Poor Father FitzMalcolm! He had put his whole heart into making his church perfect. It was difficult to find the money with the mission to run and all that, but he was quite content to wait. One or two of his Oxford friends who had got the 'germ' along with him helped him, and some Catholics who had heard him preach in London. He got his statues one by one. Our Lady's was to be the last and the best. Some one lent him a picture to go on with and he got the niche ready and waited for the money to come along. I was the assistant priest at the neighboring mission then. One day he told me that he had got enough money and he was off to see about securing a fine work of art that was in the market. 'It will be Our Lady of Rivercombe,' he said, 'not any old where.' But when I came in here a few days later the niche was still empty. He told me that the money had gone for another purpose, and he was obliged to wait a bit. He was just like a child over a toy. A little later I happened to call on him and found him in his study gazing at an object standing on the table. It had just been unpacked. It was that statue."

"Where on earth did it come from?" I asked.

"It was sent to me as a present," he said. "Isn't it appalling?" I can see him now stand-

THE † SIGN

ing there. Poor old Father Fitz! For the life of me I couldn't help laughing. 'But you can't live in the same house as that,' I said.

"'It's not for the house,' he replied, 'it's for the church.'" Father Roberts was off in his best narrative style. The listeners were not a little amused.

"'But can't you send it back?' I asked him.

"'No,' he said tartly, 'I tried to, but the donor insisted.'

"'Who is the donor?' I asked him."

"'He prefers to remain anonymous,' said Father Fitz."

"'And well he might,' said I. Of course I knew it was some wealthy patron whom he did not want to offend. Those things happen. 'Well,' I said to him, 'it will be an excellent mortification for your artistic sense. You know you are having an orgy of art here. This will serve to sprinkle a few ashes on your feast.' I used to chaff him, he was so like a child with a toy with his church. He got no end of chaff and a good deal of criticism over his decision to suffer 'Our Lady of the Ashes,' as we took to calling her, amongst his works of art. 'We will leave her there for a bit,' he said, "I haven't the money to buy another, and must be satisfied with this for the present at least."

"'But when I came to visit the church after a considerable length of time the statue was still there. 'Does the donor still expect you to remain faithful to his conception of ecclesiastical art?' I asked him.

"'No, it's not that. He's gone away,' said Father Fitz, 'but the people have become so attached to Our Lady of the Ashes that I would not like to remove her. It's most extraordinary. The poor people took to the statue all right, of course, but the queer thing is, the others did too—the educated people! They all come and say their prayers here. They declare there is something in the statue that attracts them. It would take more courage to remove Our Lady of the Ashes than it did to put her up.'

"'Just as well,' I said, 'you can keep your hairshirt in pawn and save the expense of buying a discipline.' And then I took a good look at Father FitzMalcolm. 'But perhaps you have changed your mind about it,' I suggested.

"'HE GOT guiltily red. 'It has been awfully good to me,' he said. 'The ashes save me from gluttony and in time one gets to realize the difference between essentials and other things. One learns that the King's garment isn't the King.' (Poor Father FitzMalcolm! The war

broke out soon—after he volunteered for army work, but he was too delicate so he went and took charge of a London slum parish and caught typhoid visiting a case and died. God rest his soul.)" Father Roberts glanced up at the statue. "I kept it in its place," he said. "The people love to come and pray here. Curious, isn't it?"

"Did the donor ever own up?" the Reunionist asked.

"Never. Father FitzMalcolm never told a soul. He guarded it like a confessional secret."

"I BELIEVE I can help you as to the identity of the donor," the Outsider was speaking—"I happened to know it, and in my case there is no seal of confession. I knew a fellow in the trenches who always carried, as a mascot, a little snap-photo of the Madonna. It was in a leather case, and more than once a bullet struck him on the breast and glanced off. He carried the little picture in his breast pocket. At last he did get potted, and the boys who found him dying and unable to speak discovered the little picture and fetched a priest, and he received the last sacraments; so his mascot held good according to his way of looking at it, and yours. It was a photo of that very statue. I saw it heaps of times and there is no mistaking it."

"But there is an unlimited number of the same pattern," the Reunionist reminded him. "That is the awful part of it."

"Wait a bit," the other said. "I'm coming to the point. That statue, he told me, had belonged to his mother, who was Italian, and she had set a great value on it. 'It brought her luck,' he said; but he had given it away to a priest who had done him a good turn. A topping good turn it was. Saved him from jail. He had been helping himself to his employer's money, and it got on his conscience just about the time that it was likely to be found out. I suppose that woke him up; he had not been practising his religion for years; but, any way, he went to confession to a priest in some country place to get it off his chest. The priest asked him about making restitution, and then he told him that he hadn't the money and that consequently exposure was on the way. The priest asked him how much it was, and then offered to lend it to him. 'He was a fine chap, that,' said my friend. 'He just said, I've got that sum laid away to buy a statue of Our Lady for the church, but I am sure she would rather that I lent it to you.' And he ended by saying, Pay it back when you can, and if you can't don't let it worry you."

THE † SIGN

Remember that a priest forgets everything that is told him in confession.'

"WELL, YOU can imagine that the poor fellow was anxious to show his gratitude. He went home and his eyes fell upon his mother's statue of Our Lady, and he hit upon the grand idea of presenting it to his benefactor to take the place of the one he was to have purchased with the money he had lent him."

"Did the padre accept it?" I asked him, as any of you might.

"Not at first," he said, 'he told me he couldn't think of taking it and all that, but I got around him by saying that it was my mother's statue and if it was in the church I would be coming in sometimes to have a look at it. That fetched him—when my soul came into the question. He kept it after that and many a time I went and said a prayer there. And when I was ordered to the front I took this snap.'

"That is the story," the Outsider said. "I think it proves the identity of the statue, and if I may say so, rounds off the story we have just heard."

"Illuminates it, would express it better," Father Roberts said. "Dear old Father Fitz! I had no idea that he was built on those lines."

The next comment came from the separated brother. "There are three fine actions associated with that statue," he remarked thoughtfully. He counted them off on his fingers. "There was the act of self-denial when the priest gave up his money to the man in need; the act of gratitude when the other parted with the statue which

brought him luck; then there was the magnificent action of the priest afterwards. I suppose you might say that the statue possessed virtue on that account?"

"That, of course, would commend it to Our Lady's favor," the Apologist said, setting his feet on the safe ground of solid virtues.

"Yes, I don't think she would regard it primarily as a work of art,"—the Jokist was wading out beyond his shallows—"I suppose to her a statue would mean a kind of a token: 'Please remit to devotee the favor asked for.'"

"And curiously enough," Father Roberts said, "we have the reproduction, the snap-shot of the soldier, possessing the same virtue. That was very remarkable about the little photo."

"I am afraid that I have explained away the miraculous part of the story," the Outsider said, "—how the statue came to be here—but I hope I haven't decreased your veneration for this particular image."

The Germ-Carrier was thinking of his own thoughts. He had become quite alert and wide-awake. "I should be extremely sorry to have to explain myself," he said, "but I believe I am beginning to get the hang of the thing."

"IT IS MERELY suggestive," Father Roberts reminded him. "Just a faint indication of how Providence may work in matters beyond our ken. We may touch the King's garment without knowing how or where it was woven, as my friend Father FitzMalcolm would have put it, so there is no reason why you should not say 'Thank-you' to Our Lady of the Ashes."

Notre Dame de Paris

By J. W. HARDWICK

A rock of Faith, steadfast amid the stream;
Buttressed with slender, tireless arms of love.
Wafting at intervals a chime of peace
Across the restless city; and above,
Beyond her towers, a thorn-like, thorn-crowned spire
Probing the sky for light that shall not cease,
She stands aloof, but without pride or scorn,
Pointing to Heaven, and waits to welcome in
—With portals wide and windows fair as morn—
The sons of men, children of pain and sin.
By noisy traffic thronged, yet unperturbed,
She proffers peace; unmoved by time or tide.
Her faith by thorn or sword-thrust never curbed
She clasps her God! Yet stoops His flock to guide.

THE SIGN POST is in a special sense our Readers' very own. In it we shall answer as clearly as possible any question relating to Catholic belief and practice, and publish all communications of more or less general interest. Please make your communications brief. The more questions, the better! As evidence of good faith, sign your name and address.

THE SIGN POST

QUESTIONS
AND
COMMUNICATIONS

No anonymous communications will be considered. Writers' names will not be printed, unless with their consent. Don't hesitate to send in your questions and comments. What interests you will very likely interest others, and will make this department more instructive and attractive. Please address: THE SIGN, UNION CITY, NEW JERSEY

IMPEDIMENT OF BLOOD RELATIONSHIP

(1) *To what degree does the Church forbid marriage between relations?* (2) *I heard of a marriage between an uncle and a niece, who was also his god-child. Is it possible?* (3) *Will the Church grant a dispensation to first cousins to marry?*—F. C. SOMERVILLE, MASS.—M. B. NEW YORK CITY.

(1) Marriage is forbidden under pain of invalidity to the third degree in the collateral line of consanguinity. That is, as far as second cousins. Prior to the inception of the New Code of Canon Law the impediment was extended to the fourth degree in the collateral line, or to third cousins. (2) It is possible, but very rare. Uncle and niece are related in the second degree of blood relationship in the collateral line, "touching the first," as canonists say. In order to marry validly it is necessary to obtain a dispensation from this ecclesiastical impediment, as well as from the impediment of spiritual relationship arising from baptism. (3) For serious reasons, and provided there be no scandal. Such dispensations are quite rare. The purpose of prohibiting marriage between blood relatives of near kin should be evident to all. It is a well-attested fact that children born of such unions are usually defective.

VIRGINITY BETTER THAN MARRIAGE

I have held that the Catholic Church teaches as a doctrine of Faith, declared so in the Council of Trent, that the single state (state of virginity) is holier and therefore, higher than the married state. Am I correct in defending my position?—C. D. B. NEW YORK CITY.

You are correct in holding that the state of virginity is holier and higher in dignity than the state of matrimony. The doctrine of the Council of Trent is of Faith: "if anyone shall say that the marriage state is to be preferred to the state of virginity or celibacy, and that it is not better and more blessed to remain in virginity or celibacy than to be joined in marriage, let him be anathema." It must be understood, however, that the Church compares the state of virginity with the state of matrimony, not virgins with married folk. A married person, though in a lower state, may be actually more perfect before God than a particular virgin, who is in a higher state. Moreover, the state of virginity must not be confused with the single state or the absence of the marriage bond. To be single, does not of itself, constitute one in the state of virginity. Far from it.

The state of virginity so greatly lauded by the Church, means a permanent manner of life entered upon by those who, as yet undefined, firmly purpose for the love of virtue, (generally by vow), to maintain bodily integrity.

WORRYING WITHOUT CAUSE

I am worrying over the death of my baby. He had whooping cough and sore gums. I asked the doctor if he would not be relieved by lancing his gums. He said it would help. Sunday it was done. On Monday he seemed to get worse. Pneumonia developed on Wednesday and on Friday he died. I feel as though I did a wicked deed by advising the doctor.—A. H. PITTSBURGH, PA.

You have no reason to worry over the suggestion which you made to the doctor. Your intention was to help the baby. The fact that the operation did not cure him does not make you responsible for his death. Besides, it might not have been caused by the operation. Do not worry, but reconcile yourself to God's most holy will. Baptized infants go straight to Heaven. They have no sins to atone for in Purgatory. God, in His providence, took your baby for His own wise purposes. He will bless you if you imitate His Divine Son by saying in this sorrow, as in all others, "Thy will be done."

LACK OF LIBERTY

I read in THE SIGN POST that missing Mass through serious illness is not a sin. If one thought so would it be a mortal sin? (2) *If a person should die uncertain about past confession would he lose his soul?*—M. C. KINGSTON, N. Y.

(1) No, for one seriously ill, lacks physical liberty to do the act which he erroneously thinks is obligatory in his case. We are responsible only for those things which are in our power to do or omit. A person locked up in jail and thinking he would commit mortal sin if he did not attend Mass on Sunday would commit no sin, even though he thought he would because he lacks physical liberty to do what he thinks he must do. (2) The only certainty that we can have in regard to the forgiveness of our sin is a moral certainty; that is, a certainty which springs from moral principles. When a man is sincerely sorry for and confesses as best he can all unforgiven mortal sins he can have moral certitude of God's pardon and the attainment of salvation. Greater certitude cannot be had without a revelation from Heaven.

THE † SIGN

MARRIAGE DIFFICULTIES

(1) *A Protestant man who has no living relatives and does not know whether or not he was baptized, nor the town he was born in, was married about eighteen years ago to a Protestant girl by a minister. There are no records of this marriage. Shortly afterwards the marriage was annulled by the State. May he marry a Catholic girl?* (2) *What was the new law made by the Church in 1908 concerning marriage?*—M. F. H. BROOKLYN, N. Y.

(1) This matter must be decided by a legitimate matrimonial court. Consult your pastor. (2) In order to secure uniformity in the celebration of Catholic marriages, and to do away with all secret or clandestine unions, Pope Pius X by means of the decree "Ne Temere" strictly forbade all such marriages under pain of invalidity, and prescribed that from Easter, 1908, no marriage between Catholics, or between Catholics and infidels and heretics would be valid unless such marriages were performed before a bishop or pastor, or the delegate of either, and at least two witnesses.

HOLY AND PROFANE LITERATURE

(1) *Please give me some information on the translation of the Apocalypse; or any book that I could get explaining this book.* (2) *Why is Victor Hugo on the Index? I would like a definite reason.*—R. S. BROOKLYN, N. Y.

(1) Every Catholic Bible has a good translation of the Apocalypse of St. John. This is one of the most obscure and difficult books in the Bible. St. Jerome said that it contained as many mysteries as words. There is so much in the Bible, especially in the New Testament, which one can understand that it is not the part of wisdom to leave what is plain and easy of comprehension to wrestle with that portion of Holy Writ the correct meaning of which only an infallible Church can decide. However, if you wish for more information on this difficult book, you may be able to obtain it from *The Apocalypse of St. John: a Commentary on the Greek Text*, by James Ratton. Price \$2.00. This can be procured through THE SIGN. (2) Victor Hugo's two books—"Notre Dame de Paris," and "Les Misérables," are on the Index of Forbidden Books because they, like all others on the Index, are injurious to the purity of faith and morals. It is the duty of the Church to watch over the faith and morals of her subjects, just as it is the obligation of the State to guard the purity of the water and milk supply; the latter because of the temporal health of the citizens, the former for the sake of the eternal.

FOUR UNRELATED QUESTIONS

(1) *What should be done with old medals and left-over Easter Water?* (2) *When receiving too much change, are you bound to return the excess, or is that their mistake?* (3) *Are horrible and hideous thoughts which one tries to get rid of after Holy Communion sinful?* (4) *Are dresses only to the knee fit to wear?*—N. N. OHIO.

(1) If the medals are blessed and in good condition, give them to the pastor, or send them to some

Catholic institution, such as an orphanage. If the Easter Water is still clean, use it. If not clean, throw it into the fire. (2) Excess change belongs to the seller. You must return it if you can do so conveniently. If you cannot restore it to the owner, deposit it in the poor box. (3) In regard to thoughts of this nature, make an act of displeasure or repugnance and continue to pray. Involuntary bad thoughts and images are not sinful. They become an occasion of merit when they are rejected for purity's sake. (4) Clothes are worn to cover the person, not to expose it. Christian modesty demands that. Dresses should reach below the knees. To wear dresses only to the knees is indecent. Try to dress in such a manner that you would not be ashamed to meet Our Lady.

A BOOK

Where may I obtain "Instructions on the Commandments," by Father Devine, C.P., and what is the price of the same?—N. W. ST. PAUL, KAN.

The book is called "The Commandments Explained," by Father Arthur Devine, C.P. It may be obtained through THE SIGN. Price \$3.00. Add five per cent for postage.

NOMENCLATURE

(1) *Why does the Church give pious societies for the laity different names.* (2) *What is the difference between a league and a sodality; a sodality and a confraternity; a confraternity and a third order?* (3) *Why is Gemma Galgani sometimes called a Tertiary of the Passionist Order?* (4) *Did St. Paul of the Cross found an active order of women?* (5) *Are the Passionist Sisters at Providence, Rhode Island, affiliated with the Passionist Order? Where is their novitiate?*—M. M. MATTAPAN, MASS.

(1) Pious societies of the laity are given different names because their purpose and manner of establishment are different. (2) The Church distinguishes three kinds of associations of the faithful, viz., third orders secular, confraternities, and pious unions. Third orders secular are associations of persons who strive after Christian perfection under the guidance of and in harmony with the spirit of some Order, in a manner compatible with life in the world, and according to rules approved by the Holy See. The terms confraternity and sodality are quite synonymous. A sodality is an association of the faithful instituted for the exercise of some work of piety or charity and established after the manner of an organic body; that is, with officers, meetings, etc. When a sodality has for its object the furtherance of Divine worship, it is called a confraternity. When a sodality enjoys the right of associating other sodalities with itself, it is called an archconfraternity or archsodality. The term "league" is not used in Canon Law. It seems to be embraced in the term "pious union."

(3) I never knew that Gemma Galgani was ever called a Tertiary of the Passionist order. There is no third order of Passionists. Gemma entered the novitiate of the Passionist Nuns at Corneto, Italy, but was forced to leave because of ill health. She was a Passionist in spirit, not by profession.

THE † SIGN

(4) No. The Passionist Nuns, whose mother house is at Corneto, Italy, regard him as their founder. They are contemplatives.

(5) The Passionist Sisters at Providence, R. I. were founded by Father Gaudentius Rossi, C.P., in England, to labor among the poor working girls of the mill towns. They are affiliated with the Passionist Order in the spirit of their calling. They wear a religious garb of sombre black with a distinctive badge, after the model of the Passionist Fathers. Their novitiate is in England.

GIRL SCOUTS

Is it proper to allow one's daughter to join the Girl Scouts?—T. S. S. PITTSBURGH, PA.

Girl Scouts is a very general term. There are Girl Scouts of Protestant affiliation and Girl Scouts of Catholic affiliation. There may be bands of Girl Scouts without connection with any particular sect. But even non-sectarian bands are more likely than not to be Protestant in tendency.

You ought not allow your daughter to enlist in the non-Catholic Scouts if there is a band of Catholic Scouts in your vicinity. More accurate information concerning the character of the supposed non-sectarian Girl Scouts might be obtained from your pastor. You ought to ask and follow his advice in the matter.

LIBERTIES

Is it wrong for a married man to pay attention to an unmarried girl?—H. S. BOSTON, MASS.

If by attention is meant undue intimacy of an amorous nature it is decidedly wrong. Such conduct on the part of a married man is a violation of the marriage contract by which he gave to his wife his heart as well as his body. To alienate the affections of the heart from the married partner is a breach of faith, a source of much unhappiness, and the cause of many divorces. Sins committed by a married person take on the added malice of adultery because of the marriage bond. Those who receive or encourage such attentions on the part of married persons are positive coöperators in their sins. They not only destroy their own innocence of conscience, but they do the devil's work by bringing discord and ruin into homes where harmony and peace should prevail.

GENERAL JUDGMENT

(1) Please explain those passages in the Gospels referring to our Lord's second coming as given by St. Matthew, chapter 24; St. Luke, chapter 21, and St. Mark, chapter 13. Also cognate references in the Epistles of Sts. Peter, James, and John. It seems that Christ predicted His second coming during the generation living when He was on earth. Also it appears that the Apostles believed that He would come again while some of them were still alive. (2) Cannot a Catholic believe that our Lord is continually coming at Holy Communion, at death, and that He came after Jerusalem was destroyed, and at other crises in the history of the Church?—F. V. C. NEWARK, N. J.

(1) Those portions of the Gospels which treat of the second advent of Christ at the General Judgment and the signs which will accompany it are shrouded in obscurity. One reason for this is the lack of order in the Evangelists' narration of our Lord's words. St. Matthew and St. Mark fail to distinguish between the prediction made concerning the destruction of Jerusalem and that concerning the General Judgment. St. Luke is clearer. Some of the signs given by the Evangelists were fulfilled at the siege and pillage of the Holy City thirty-five years after the crucifixion, such as those mentioned by St. Luke (21:20-24.)

What the Apostles thought is difficult to discover with certainty. Some of their expressions seem to indicate that they considered the second advent of Jesus as quite imminent. But their words, such as "for the coming of the Lord is at hand," and "behold the Judge standeth at the door," (St. JAMES, 5:8, 9), and "little children, it is the last hour," (1. St. JOHN 2:18), need not be interpreted literally, but may refer to the time from the first advent of Christ till the last judgment as the "last age or times of the world." St. Paul warned the Thessalonians not to be easily terrified, as though the "day of the Lord were at hand." (II. THESS. 2:2.)

For further study, I suggest the articles on this subject to be found in the *Catholic Encyclopedia*, and *Eschatology*, by Pohle-Preuss.

(2) A Catholic not only can, but must believe that our Lord comes to those who receive Holy Communion, either in the ordinary way or as Viaticum. This follows from the dogma of the Real Presence. But in this form He comes privately and as a guest and consoler. To a favored few He may appear at death in His Sacred Humanity.

Christ is always with His Church, guiding and strengthening her against the attacks of her enemies. "Behold, I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world." (St. MATT. 28:20.) He will come "in the clouds of heaven with much power and majesty at the end of time to judge the living and the dead." (St. MATT. 24:30.)

A SECOND TRIAL

(1) Please publish names and addresses of convents where girls over thirty years of age are received. (2) Can girls over thirty, who have been two years professed, be received again, after having been home for some years? (3) Doesn't the Holy Father grant dispensation in such cases? There must be a Religious Order which will take in such girls. Our Lord didn't make any reservation. He takes back all dear souls who wish to repent. Why doesn't this hold good in regard to Religious who have discovered their mistake?—M. S. PITTSBURGH, PA.

(1) The only female religious society which I know of as willing to receive candidates of thirty years of age and over is the Sisters of St. Dominic, 726 Fifth Avenue, Great Falls, Montana. There may be others.

(2) The Canon Law declares that those who have been professed in a religious society and quit cannot be received into a novitiate a second time.

THE † SIGN

(3) It is possible for the superiors of the religious society to obtain a dispensation from the Holy See if the applicant is deserving of this special grace. It is true, sincere repentance for one's mistake will obtain the pardon of our Lord. But this kind of repentance refers to the conscience merely. Reception into the religious life is, after all, a favor. Those who have been dismissed or quit of their own accord are usually less acceptable.

VARIOUS QUESTIONS

(1) *Does the Catholic Church teach that unless you are a Catholic you will not be saved?* (2) *If a person can be saved outside the Church, what need is there of joining it, and what is the need of sending missionaries to other lands?* (3) *If two Protestants go before a minister to be married, are they married in the eyes of the Catholic Church?* (4) *If a Catholic and a Protestant go before a minister and are married, the Church does not recognize the Catholic as married; but does she recognize the Protestant as married?* (5) *Does Christian Science believe in a Supreme Being and the Divinity of Christ?* (6) *Do Greek Catholics celebrate Christmas at the same time as Roman Catholics?*—A. P. ST. LOUIS.

(1) The Catholic Church teaches that "outside the Catholic Church there is no salvation." This doctrine has been falsely interpreted by those ignorant of its meaning. Naturally, the Church herself is its best interpreter. Its meaning is this: Whoever is saved, is saved because he has pleased God. But God wills that all men belong to the Church which He established and which He commissioned His Apostles and their successors to preach as obligatory on all men even unto the consummation of the world. The Church which Christ founded, the only Church He founded, is the Catholic Church. Therefore, every soul who is saved is in some way a member of the Catholic Church.

There are two general ways of belonging to the Church; first, as a member of the external body of the faithful, united with them and the bishops of the Church under the Primacy of the Holy Father, participating in the same sacraments, and subject to the same authority in matters of faith and morals; second, as incorporated only with the soul of the Church; that is, with the multitude of believers who do God's will in faith and charity, with a sincere will and good conscience. This second kind of membership includes all those who, through no fault of their own, are outside the corporate unity of the Church, but who serve God according to their lights, and are of such a disposition that they are prepared to do whatever the Lord would demand of them. Non-Catholics who belong to this or that sect are not saved because of their adhesion to them, but in spite of it.

The true meaning, therefore, of the doctrine is this: "Whoever is outside the One, True, Visible Church of Christ *through his own fault* cannot be saved." If non-Catholics are in perfect good faith they regard their particular sect as the true church of Christ, or the Church our Lord wishes them to be in. Otherwise, they could not say truly that they are pleasing God.

It is no more rigorous to proclaim that "outside the Church there is no salvation," than it is to say: "without faith it is impossible to please God." (HEB. 11:6.)

Many fail to distinguish between the Church's doctrine and the application of that doctrine. The Church does not say who is saved or lost. She, from the flood of light which comes from the Holy Ghost, declares what is the truth. But particular judgments she leaves to God, the Searcher of Hearts. The Church's attitude towards those who are without is one of Christ-like charity, after the model of Christ Himself Who declared without fear or favor the Eternal Truths, the while He "went about doing good" to all men.

The mind of the Church is manifested in the following words of Pope Pius IX, addressed to the bishops of Italy, August 10, 1863: "It is known to us and to you that those who are in invincible ignorance of our most holy religion, who observe the precepts of the natural law, which God has written in the hearts of all men, and who in their willingness to obey God live an honest and upright life, may, by the aid of the divine light and grace, attain to eternal life; for God, Who beholds, searches and knows the minds, the hearts, the thoughts and habits of all men, in His sovereign goodness and mercy, does not permit any one to suffer eternal punishment who is guiltless of a wilful transgression of His law."

(2) No one is saved outside the Catholic Church, but all who are saved belong to the Church, at least by implicit membership, as shown above. Since God's will must be known in order to be obeyed and many are in invincible ignorance of His true will, it follows that those so constituted are saved without external union with the body of true believers. Ignorance of what one ought to know is not a good thing, but a bad thing. Therefore, the necessity of "teaching all nations," the obligation of entering the One, True Church. The obligation on the apostles and their successors to preach implies the necessity on the part of all men to listen to and obey their message. One might as well say that since it is possible to swim the English Channel there is no need to board a cross-channel steamer. Membership in the Catholic Church is the divinely appointed means of salvation.

(3) Yes, provided there is no nullifying impediment or obstacle of the natural, divine, or ecclesiastical law. (4) Marriage is a bi-lateral contract. Both are married, or neither. In this case there is no marriage, because the Catholic does not obey the law to which he is subject.

(5) It seems probable from what can be gathered from what is erroneously called Christian Science (it is neither Christian nor scientific) that the system admits a belief in a Supreme Being, but not in the Divinity of Jesus Christ, at least in the Catholic sense of "true God of true God."

(6) Most of the so-called Greek Churches celebrate Christmas on January 6th, our Epiphany. It was not until the fourth century that December 25th was finally settled on. The Western Churches adopted this decision, but the Eastern Churches continued to follow the ancient tradition.

France: *The Catholic Counter-Attack against the Action Française*

BY DENIS GWYNN

IN AN article in the January issue of *THE SIGN*, describing the circumstances that led up to the condemnation of the Action Française by Cardinal Andrieu, which has since been followed by a formal promulgation by the Pope of the condemnation of the Action Française which was decided upon early in 1914, I quoted the opinion of certain French Catholics who believed that the condemnation would, after a difficult tussle, result in a great strengthening of the Catholic forces in the country. Subsequent developments have, I believe, very considerably confirmed that view. With one exception there has been no apparent breach in the solidarity of the French hierarchy's approval of Cardinal Andrieu's action. And since the Pope has formally taken up the matter, and especially in view of the open defiance of the Holy See by the Action Française leaders and their newspaper, it would be absurd to suggest that even the Bishop of Montauban—who at most only expressed his opinion that the first moves in the condemnation were no more than a serious warning against its tendencies—has any mental reservations whatever on the matter.

Needless to say, there has been a great commotion over the condemnation. Some prominent Catholics have even gone so far as to express openly their conviction that the Pope has been misled by pro-German influences, notwithstanding the fact that the recent condemnation does little more than promulgate a condemnation which was already confirmed by Pope Pius X and Pope Benedict XV more than ten years ago. Many more Catholics who have said nothing openly have persisted in saying so in private; and a number of ladies of the old aristocracy, headed by the Comtesse de la Tour du Pin, have even petitioned Cardinal Dubois for a withdrawal of the condemnation of the newspaper. But such resentment could not surprise anyone who knows the deep personal attachment which the Action Française has inspired among its followers in all these years of its vigorous and remarkably able political propaganda. Human nature, especially among people with such traditions of passionate political allegiance, can scarcely be expected to accept suddenly without a murmur so unexpected a rebuff, even at the

hands of the Pope himself. And the many documents which have been published by the Cardinals and other leading members of the hierarchy, insisting upon the simplicity of the issue involved and upon the necessity of absolute and unquestioning submission to the Holy See, show that they regard with real personal sympathy the emotional resentment that has inevitably followed upon the condemnation; even while they are entirely firm in supporting the Pope's attitude towards certain aspects of the Party's teaching, which in fact goes no further than their own strong feeling on the subject.

Nothing could be further from the truth than to say, as Mr. Wickham Steed said recently in *The Observer*, that the condemnation has provoked an outburst of the old Gallican hostility among the French hierarchy. One archbishop after another has issued most explicit and unequivocal instructions declaring that there must be complete submission to the Pope's decrees without any reservation. In one group of dioceses after another the violence of the Action Française attacks upon the Pope has led to the publication of formal decrees by the hierarchy which not only forbid any Catholic to read the 'Action Française' newspaper and the condemned books of M. Maurras, but prohibit any priest from giving a dispensation for reading them. And, apart from this universal support by the hierarchy, there have been many instances of formal expressions of dissociation from the movement.

IT is necessary to emphasize the Action Française controversy, because the propaganda of the royalist movement has been so skillfully and vigorously conducted, and the intellectual appeal of M. Maurras as a political philosopher is so great, that many people outside France believe that the majority of French Catholics—and certainly the majority of the more active and zealous leaders in the Catholic revival—are strongly committed to the support of the Action Française. The events of the past few months have demonstrated how false is any such assumption. Not only the whole hierarchy but the Catholic press has been entirely on the side of the Pope in the condemnation of the Action Française, although completely refraining from any provocative atti-

tude; and although in many places young Catholics are still to be found selling the newspaper, in defiance of the Pope and of their own bishops, outside the church-doors on Sundays, it is absurd to suggest that they represent any serious element in French Catholicism at the present time.

ONE other aspect of the controversy demands notice. In the months leading up to Cardinal Andrieu's condemnation of the movement, one of the chief reasons which was urged in Rome to support the protest of which Cardinal Andrieu became the spokesman, was the fact that the last Nuncio to Paris, Cardinal Ceretti, had been subjected by the Party and its newspaper to a campaign of unpardonable calumny of the most outrageous kind. He was calumniated simply because the Action Française regarded him as a political enemy, in view of his approval of various pacific movements which commanded the sympathy of the Pope. His successor, Mgr. Maglione, has now been subjected to a still more violent campaign of denunciation, though I do not know whether the same accusations have been made against his private morals as were made against those of Cardinal Ceretti. And the reason for this vendetta against Mgr. Maglione is that, in his speech at the New Year's reception of the Diplomatic Corps by President Doumergue in Paris, he congratulated the French Government, in the name of the other diplomatists, on the signature of the Locarno agreement.

By combining open defiance of the Pope himself with denunciation of his Nuncio's discreet advocacy of peace, the Action Française has adopted a policy which cannot fail to hasten its own rapid disintegration as a force among Catholics in France. For it thus openly proclaims not only its principle of placing politics before religion, but its resistance to that general movement towards world peace which has unquestionably won the support of all but a small section of die-hards in France. It has made more and more plain that the politics of the Action Française, quite apart from its defiance of Papal authority on a question of morals, must wreck all hopes of securing an effective representation of Catholics in the French Chamber and Senate unless such a policy is entirely repudiated. Pope Pius XI, in exerting his moral influence on behalf of peace, is simply carrying on the policy of his predecessor, Leo XIII, in urging French Catholics to work in harmony with the rest of their fellow citizens.

How incompatible the Action Française politics had become with any hope of a great for-

ward movement for the assertion of the Church's rights in France, is further shown by the recent attitude of several prominent leaders of the great Catholic Federation, which has come into being during the past few years. The National Catholic Federation was launched under the presidency of General de Castelnau (who had shortly before lost his own seat in the Chamber of Deputies, after being one of the dominant figures in the Bloc National Parliament) as a counterblast to the threats of renewed religious persecution that were made, and to some extent carried into effect, by M. Herriot when he drove M. Poincaré from office in the elections of 1923. It has gone on gathering strength and momentum ever since. It has held mass meetings of protest in every important centre of the country, to rally all Catholics against the threat of renewed interference with the Church. And its membership now approaches three millions out of a total of some thirty-nine million people in France. There is certainly no other political organization in France of any kind which can count so large a membership; and if an agreed policy can be formulated, before the next general elections, the Catholics should be able, by means of their new organization, to exert a pressure upon the politicians such as has not been possible in France for years past. Even if comparatively few Catholic candidates, as such, can hope to secure election, the Catholic vote may hold the balance in many constituencies, and may easily prevent the return of the more obnoxious type of anti-clerical politician. More than that, in the present chaos of French parties a small compact group of even a dozen Catholic members in the Chamber may become a decisive factor in any Coalition which may emerge from the next Parliament.

IN EMPHASIZING these possibilities, the Catholic Federation has made no secret of the fact that it is modeling its own programme upon the example of the German Centre Party after the religious persecutions under Bismarck. Even an old-fashioned patriotic soldier, like General de Castelnau, has said several times of late that French Catholics must learn from what the Catholics of Germany did in similar circumstances not many years before. And when French Catholics are being urged to follow a German example they realize how useless it is for them to place any hopes for their own future in the Action Française, with its persistent challenge to any movement which involves even reasonable consideration of German people (who,

THE † SIGN

according to their doctrine, must be kept in a state of financial slavery until the cost of the war has been repaid by them). Furthermore, it was the disastrous incursion of the Action Française into the last general elections which split the Catholic vote—even to the extent of opposing Catholic candidates like the Abbé Bergey, who has since become one of the chief leaders of the Catholic resistance—with the result that an anti-clerical Chamber was elected which enabled M. Herriot to undertake a deliberate policy of persecution.

Next in importance to the Catholic Federation, with its immense memberships, is the organization popularly known as the D. R. A. C., which has created a most vigorous and fearlessly outspoken association of the members of religious communities and priests who served in the war. They also have held meeting after meeting all over the country, and have provided many of the most effective platform orators and organizers for General de Castelnau's Catholic Federation. They have grouped in one extremely formidable organization all the ex-soldier priests and the members of religious communities who are threatened with eviction from France if the anti-clericals obtain power again. And with the great resources, the weight of numbers, and the powerful publicity they now control, they can make it extremely difficult for any Government to take drastic action against isolated priests or religious communities.

IN the past year, in fact, the situation has been changed almost out of recognition. By swift and magnificently energetic organization, the French Catholics have provided themselves with means for resisting attack in any part of the country. In those parts where the Catholics constitute a majority of the people, they can practically count already on defeating any attempt to enforce the old laws against the religious congregations.

Realizing the new strength that has come to them, the Catholic leaders are already preparing for a great forward movement. Much will turn upon the next general elections. The Pope's action in condemning the Action Française has probably done more than anything else to remove the fear of any serious split of the Catholic forces. The Action Française was unable to win a single seat at the last elections, or even to retain the seats it formerly held; and it is now realized how far they were responsible for the defeat of the Catholic candidates, and for antagonizing by their violent speeches and methods

the mass of electors who are indifferent towards the Church. The excesses which the newspaper has since committed in regard to the papal Nuncio's pacific speeches in Paris (which were all the more significant because Mgr. Maglione was until recently the Pope's representative in Switzerland, with a general supervision of all Catholic questions that come before the League of Nations) have gone far to discredit the politics of the party.

Meanwhile, outside politics and without regard to whether the next elections result in the formation of a new Catholic group in the Chamber, a definite move has been initiated with customary courage by Cardinal Maurin, the Archbishop of Lyons. In a recent address at the opening of the Catholic University of Lyons, his Eminence announced that he was willing to assume the leadership of the religious communities in reopening their schools within the province under his jurisdiction. Speaking with a full sense of responsibility, he declared that as from October next he would be willing to face the consequences, if need be, of becoming the founder of a new religious congregation for the schools. The law, of course, enforces severe penalties for such action, but Cardinal Maurin, a man of the people and with an immense zeal for the Church and an unrivalled personal following, is a fearless fighter when need arises. In a second statement issued about a month later, he appealed publicly to the religious communities within his own jurisdiction to come out openly at once and wear the habits of their orders—'to teach *en costume*.'

His invitation is only the result of representations made to him again and again by members of the religious communities who have implored him to sanction what they have wished to do themselves. It is too early yet to say what the result of his action will be; but there can be little doubt that at any rate Cardinal Charost in Rennes—who learned to disdain threats of force during the long years when he was Bishop of Lille under the German occupation throughout the war—will issue a similar invitation in his own province, which is the most Catholic in France. The position of the other bishops is much more difficult, for the Catholics are in so many places a small and scattered minority. But it may easily be that the brave leadership of Cardinal Maurin will within a reasonably short time have restored at least full liberty to teach to the religious communities who came back for military service during the war.

A Bigger Stage

Whereon the Actor-Convert Plays a New Role

THE MONTH of May of the year following my reception into the Church found me at home for the enforced vacation which actors enjoy during the summer months. To my delight, my Protestant friends received me with all the marks of old-time cordiality and friendship. The little flurry that had been occasioned by my "defection to Rome," had had time to subside in the little city which I called home. It was whispered to me that a few of the Solons of both sexes had, like Rip Van Winkle, shaken their heads, shrugged their shoulders, rolled their eyes—but said nothing. Their silence was more eloquent than words. But what could one expect? Some few had scarcely recovered from the shock of my "going on the stage;" it was only the step "from the frying pan into the fire."

The harrowing picture of the loss of friends which my imagination had drawn before taking the final step had proved to be only a phantasy. When I had firmly decided to become a Catholic through loyalty to God and to conscience, an abundance of grace had been given me to encourage and strengthen me, and now I found that my obedience had not cost so much sacrifice as I had anticipated.

On the first Sunday at home, I had the pleasure of assisting at the first Mass of a newly-ordained priest, a young man from the parish. The sermon was preached by a Benedictine Father, the rector of the abbey where the young levite had made his studies.

That afternoon I was introduced to Father D—, who had learned of my conversion from my parish priest. He extended to me a cordial invitation to visit him at the abbey—an invitation which was eagerly accepted after consulting my pastor. Here was my chance to see

real live monks! A chance to compare "the real thing" with those I had become acquainted with in novels and anti-Catholic books. It was an opportunity not to be lost. Visions of medieval monks as pictured by some of our English novelists, with crafty mein and sandaled feet, flitted through my imagination.

A week later I slept beneath the hospitable roof of the Benedictine Abbey. To be in an abbey in an isolated but beautiful spot, several miles from the nearest town or railroad station, seemed like turning back the hands of Time and returning to a former age and state. The silence of the huge pile of buildings was broken only by soft-treading feet or the clang of the bell that called the community to the various exercises of their observance. From the stillness it seemed almost unbelievable that over two hundred men were within its walls. These were the Benedictine priests and lay-brothers and nearly two hundred young men from various dioceses, studying for the priesthood. At 4.30 A.M. the gong sounded calling the monks to the church to chant the Divine Office and later to celebrate their Mass.

Editor's Note

THIS is the sequel to the narrative entitled "Between the Acts," which appeared in the April issue. It tells of the Actor-Convert's experience in the Church and shows him in a new role. It has been written, as was the former article, in the hope that it may meet the eyes of some of the author's friends, and may help them to find light and peace in the Catholic Church. God's ways are beyond the ken of men. He uses His own means of conversion, and not infrequently they are insignificant and poor indeed.

I CAME intending to stay only a day or two but was easily persuaded to remain five. It may seem strange that an actor, accustomed to change and the gaiety and brightness of a bustling world, would be content to remain for so long among the silent hills and, I might almost say, more silent men. Nevertheless, I was enjoying myself thoroughly. And as I wandered about the place with perfect freedom to come and go as I chose. The library with its dusty, worm-eaten tomes was a source of great delight. Here I saw huge fifteenth-century volumes, beautifully illuminated and written by hand by "the lazy monks" of that time! I no longer wondered that the volumes

THE † SIGN

compiled with so much care,—a life-long labor of love—should be chained to prevent vandals from carrying them off.

AND THE monks themselves? I discovered that the monk in the flesh was totally unlike the base caricature of fiction. Where, O Mister Novelist, are the crafty, shifting glances, the sanctimonious airs, the coarse vulgarity and hypocritical fawning of the puppets of your brain? Instead of this, I found men with a not-of-the-world air about them, the perfume of holiness and sanctity clinging, as it were, to their black habits; gentle, refined, modest, with purity and humility stamped upon their brows and beaming from their eyes. There was an indescribable something about them that baffled analysis, but marked them as beings apart and above most of the men I had ever met; a something which seemed engrafted into their being, refining and ennobling it.

One morning the Abbot took me for a stroll through the grounds. As we sat in an arbored recess he smilingly said: "Why don't you come here and study for the priesthood?" An actor? Had he asked me why I didn't run for President, I would have been less amused. Such an idea had not filtered through my rather fertile imagination. To play the priest on the stage, yes; but to be one—oh, it was the height of absurdity!

My friend Donald suggested that I write an impression of my visit but it was not until nearly seven months later that I began the task. It was New Year's week and I was playing in a one-act comedy at the Majestic Theatre, Chicago. The cold, biting winds from the lake front and the ice and snow that covered the city made the seclusion of my room at the hotel after the performance more inviting than usual. As I wrote on, the scenes and faces of the abbey came vividly before me. One morning about two o'clock, an intense desire to imitate those holy men, however imperfectly, seized hold of me. To be a priest—to labor for God and souls—that, after all, was the one thing worth striving for. But again the absurdity of the thing struck me.

A little book by St. Alphonsus on the priesthood and the religious state, gave me tangible grounds for hope at least in the possibility of this new-born idea. Actors have plenty of time for reflection outside their hours of play. Returning to New York a little later, I went to the Paulist Fathers' Church to lay before Father Lappen, my instructor and confessor, these new aspirations and hopes. I made a general confes-

sion of my life to him at the time of my reception into the Church and he continued to be my confessor during the intervals which I spent in the city. He then, better than any other, would be able to judge as to the signs and evidences of a true vocation. To him had been laid bare the sins and weaknesses of my life and in his position as physician of souls, he had the most intimate knowledge of my character, a deeper and surer insight as to my qualifications I might have for the priesthood than any one else.

By this time I thought the grandest thing possible would be to become a Paulist myself. I pictured myself giving non-Catholic missions and bringing others to the great peace and happiness I had found in the Faith. But at the Paulist rectory I was informed that "Father Lappen is out of town . . . No, I do not know his address or when he will return." Disappointment number one. Within a few days I decided to write him a letter giving a full account of my thoughts and hopes; I could easily obtain his address by asking the Superior General. But again I was doomed to disappointment. The Superior said: "Father Lappen is in Europe on account of his health; can I do anything for you?" But after thanking him I turned sadly away.

I remained in New York a few weeks longer before starting on a tour of the western Orpheum circuit, the while, uncertain and perplexed, fluctuating between hope and fear. Finally I screwed up my courage and again called upon the Superior General and gave him the letter I had written, telling him that it would explain my case. I waited in vain for a line calling me to the rectory. I forgot in my anxiety that a religious superior has a multitude of affairs to look after and cannot come to a dead stop to solve the perplexities and determine the merits of a young aspirant to his Congregation. I had imbibed, however, too much of the modern spirit of persistency, to be thus definitely put off, so I unblushingly presented myself at the rectory once more. "We will talk this over later on; I am leaving for a day or two for a visitation of the Congregation out West," said the superior. During my trip to the coast I wrote another letter. It doubtless received the tacit promise of an early reply, but was eventually mislaid and quite forgotten.

AT HOME that summer for my vacation, I confided my troubles to the sympathetic ear of my parish priest. "So you want to be a priest? Well, I am not surprised, for from the tone of

THE † SIGN

your letters written at the time of your conversion, I have always thought that you would become a priest." Here was another poser! What *did* they see in me to make them think of me as a priest, which I, with all the care of a Hindoo searching in a pile of rubbish for a valuable gem, could not rake to light? Had I never received that unsought invitation to the abbey, probably no such thought had ever entered my mind.

BUT to hasten on. After many days of consultation, my pastor and I decided that I go to the Benedictine abbey to begin my studies for the priesthood. Farewell to Broadway and the limelights! "Farewell—a long farewell to all my greatness." And with Wolsey, too, I might have continued: "Today he puts forth the tender leaves of hope" and then "comes a killing frost," and "when he thinks, good *easy* man, full surely his greatness is a-ripening,—nips his root and then he falls, as I do." But this is to anticipate.

Within a few weeks before I must needs return to New York if I were to begin the new theatrical season. However, all was settled; my studies were to be made with my Benedictine friends, my vacations to be spent at home, and, when ordained, I was to go to a western diocese to begin my labors. . . . And then the rude awakening.

One never-to-be-forgotten Saturday morning a nameless fear took hold of me,—“black, icy horrors struck me dumb and froze my senses o’er,” a blind terror that held me in a vice-like grip. “You become a priest? Ha, ha, poor fool, you are mad!” Grim, shapeless phantoms wanted through my brain and so addled my reason that I could not think coherently. Acute anguish of heart and soul so possessed me that at times my brow was bathed with cold sweat. But the greatest agony of the whole thing was the fact that I could not discern the cause of my suffering and doubt. I felt like a dumb animal that suffers horribly and is powerless to learn the why or wherefor, or how to help itself. A veritable devil’s dance seemed to be pounding away at my brain, while threatening voices whispered with tireless monotony: “If you dare thrust yourself within the holy sanctuary, you’ll be damned . . . if you fail to become a priest, thus frustrating the designs of God over you, you’ll be damned! . . . If you do, you’ll be damned; if you don’t, you’ll be damned! If you do . . .”

This may seem a wee bit exaggerated, but I assure you that no pen is able to depict adequately my state—at least not my pen. I make no apol-

ogy nor offer any excuse; I am not writing fiction but simply stating facts.

Late that afternoon my good pastor laughed at my fears. “Oh, the devil is tempting you; don’t pay any attention to such scruples. You’ll be all right tomorrow.” But neither on the morrow nor on the next day could I find relief or peace. I could neither eat nor sleep. The long, laggard hours of the day seemed interminable and at night when sleep came, after hours of restless tossing, my dreams were but a continuation of the horrors of my waking hours.

By Monday afternoon I felt exhausted physically and mentally. I could stand the strain no longer. All my efforts to throw off the fearful repugnance and dread were unavailing. I went to the rectory. The housekeeper looked at me in surprise and went to seek the pastor, asking him what was the matter with me. “He looks like he had seen a ghost.” Fr. X—now saw my condition was more serious than he had at first thought. “Well, my boy,” he said, “this will not do. You cannot go on in this state. I believe you have a vocation to the priesthood, but forget all about it now for a while—several months, at least. If God wants you to be a priest you *will* be. Don’t worry . . . there has been no harm done.”

So that was the end of my hopes! I left the rectory relieved of an intolerable burden, but how greatly humbled! All my fair aspirations and self-sacrificing resolutions were but an empty bubble that burst at the slightest breath. The world that seemed so full of promise a few days ago, now seemed but a sandy waste. I must go plodding along in the old paths that had lost their charm after the vision of the Land of Promise. I could not find words bitter enough to express my contempt of myself. I seemed to be a spineless, jelly-fish sort of creature—a coward and, like Hamlet, saw myself as “a dull and muddy-mettled rascal, unpregnant of my cause . . . pigeon-livered” and lacking “gall to make oppression bitter.”

EARLY IN August I returned to New York, feeling like a whipped cur, slinking back to scenes distasteful and painful. Not that I had lost my love for the stage, but that I loved something more—a something else, as I firmly believed, which had slipped through my grasp forever. I always enjoyed my profession—it had a fascination all its own. I had come to admire and respect a great many of its members, who in the actual practice of “sweet charity” could put to

THE † SIGN

shame hundreds not of their profession. Despite the poor opinion of theatrical people current in certain quarters, I discovered that no profession or avocation has a monopoly of goodness; that in this exotic clime of 'spot' and 'foot' lights—beset with grave dangers for the feet of the unwary, as it undoubtedly is—sterling virtues could be masked behind the paint and powder of the ingenué, the romantic glances of the Leading Lady, the devil-may-care airs of the light comedian, or the senile smile of the Character Man. But here I am padding my lines! However, comparing the highest achievements of the actor with the least of those of the priest made everything seem "stale, flat and unprofitable."

THE SEASON opened. By November I was playing in San Francisco. The old hopes were tabooed—forced out of my thoughts whenever they tried to gain entrance. Before leaving New York, a reverend friend who knew of my failure handed me a volume by Cardinal Newman. But I was in no mood to read anything even remotely connected with the subject of priesthood. One day, passing a Catholic book store, my eye was caught by Lacordaire's *Letters to Young Men*. I purchased the book and in reading it the old longings came back with renewed force.

I then dragged forth the neglected volume of Newman from my travelling bag. I was particularly impressed by his discourse on "Men Not Angels." Herein I discovered the secret of my former discomfiture; I had idealized the priest too much, forgetting that he is a human being, subject to human frailties. I had placed him upon the Holy Mount without realizing that he had been placed there by a Hand which does not tremble, a Hand that sustains and strengthens him by Divine grace; whereas left to himself, he might never dare try the ascent—"You have not chosen Me, but I have chosen you." I had forgotten that God chooses the foolish things of the world to confound the wise, and the weak things of the world to confound the strong; that of himself, man can do nothing, but can do "all things" through the grace of God, Who strengthens him.

Nor did I comprehend that ordinarily a holy priest is not the work of a moment; that sanctity, like a plant, is developed by a steady but gradual growth. Nor was I aware that the discipline and training which a young clerical candidate receives during his years of preparation is, as it were, the crucible in which his metal is tried as by fire; that during this period, solid moral principles, true piety and virtues are implanted in

his soul—fostered and nourished by the watchful care of superiors and the good example of companions, so that when he presents himself for ordination, there is well-grounded reason to believe that his superiors are correct in their judgment as to his fitness for priesthood. I had passed this by and saw the priest as Père Lacordaire tells us he should be: "Strong as a diamond and tender as a tear," realizing too the truth of Napoleon's apt tribute: "I can rule the bodies of men but the kingship of a priest is over souls. What dignity can equal this?" I had been affrighted by the thought of the grave and weighty responsibilities of the priesthood and dared not think to discover the necessary qualities to meet these conditions within myself. But I did not realize, at least not sufficiently, that if God calls one to be a priest, He will give him the necessary graces to fulfill worthily his sacred duties.

This new light did not prove of much encouragement. I had become too thoroughly distrustful of self to grasp at such straws of comfort. I was evidently *not called*. I needed a more convincing proof of a divine call than my own ineffectual desires.

One evening, while still in San Francisco, I stumbled onto a second prayer-book in my travelling bag. A little leaflet fell out on which was printed the picture of a young saint of a religious order. Friend Donald, (who, by the way, had not been with me in the same company during the past two seasons), had sent it to me during the previous year. I picked it up, when suddenly the thought flashed over me: "I wonder if I could become a Religious?" The thought remained without any definite hope of fulfillment.

I was playing the part of an absent-minded man that season and even during the progress of an act, as I gazed across the foot-lights into the darkness of the auditorium, my thoughts were far away. It was not all *acting* those days and fortunately my lapses of attention fitted in admirably with my rôle. My cues were my salvation and brought me back to the realm of the stage.

AS I LEFT the make-believe world of the theater and stepped out into the busy world of reality, amid the roar of traffic and the hum of the city, I was wont to study the faces of the living stream of humanity that rushed along the thoroughfares. Two extracts from Scripture haunted me: "For what doth it profit a man if he gain the *whole world* and suffer the *loss* of his *own soul*?" I saw faces bright and gay, faces sad

THE † SIGN

and care-worn; honest and vicious; faces pinched with poverty; faces with the fires of lust burning in them, and all hurrying along, each intent upon his or her own interests. Then I would ask myself: "How often do they remember they have a soul? How often do they think of God?" Then a shudder of horror and sadness would steal over me to think of their heedlessness and indifference to the greatest of all interests—their eternal salvation. Blind and unconscious, many thousands, I feared, are rushing headlong into destruction, and too few the voices to utter a cry of warning. "With desolation is all the land made desolate, because there is none that considereth in his heart."

While shopping in Winnipeg, Canada, I ran across the *Imitation of Christ* and *The Confessions of St. Augustine*. I knew them only by hearsay. The former increased my dissatisfaction with my present mode of life, pointing out a higher and nobler sphere of action; the latter poured the dew and sunshine of encouragement upon my blighted hopes, which, after all, the frost of defeat had not quite killed. The burning words of love, the tears of repentance of the great Augustine spoke eloquently of the power of divine grace over man's inherent weakness and sinfulness. "But is God's Hand shortened? Is His grace less plentiful and powerful today than in the fifth century? If I would only give divine grace free scope, casting all my care upon the Lord, could not the good God work wonders of grace within my soul?"

FROM THIS time on I redoubled my prayers for light and guidance. Every day, sometimes morning and afternoon, found me upon my knees before the Blessed Sacrament imploring the grace to know God's designs over me. "Speak Lord, for Thy servant heareth; Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do? O Mary, Mother of Mercy, who didst guide my feet to the threshold of the Church on the feast of thy Immaculate Conception, ask thy Divine Son to hearken to my prayers." But weeks passed and no answer came.

The little town of Manhattan, Kansas (for we were playing some "one-nighters" on our return east) was the scene of the most striking incident of this history. I arrived there one Saturday morning, shortly before the beginning of Lent. In my mail I found the life of the young Saint whose picture was on the leaflet before mentioned. We had no matinee and I spent the greater part of the afternoon and several hours after the night performance reading the book.

The picture of his Congregation, its work, manner of life, rules and customs, corresponded with an irresistible appeal to all my ideals of the religious order which, had I a vocation, I would like to enter. It described a missionary Order whose distinctive work in the Church is to bring souls to the feet of their Crucified Lord, by displaying to them His five sacred Wounds and recalling the bitter sufferings and humiliations He has endured for our sake.

THAT afternoon I sought out the Catholic Church to go to confession. I found a very humble temple for our Eucharistic King. One corner of the sanctuary was curtained off to serve as a confessional. I do not remember my confession, but as I tried to go every week, there was not a great deal to tell. I do remember that I was in the confessional but a few minutes and that the priest could get but little insight into my character from what I said. While I was saying my penance, the priest, a man of about fifty-five, left the church. He was the Rev. J. M. D. Reade and came, I believe, from Massachusetts.

I stopped at the rectory, a humble cottage next door, to ask the priest to say the Mass for me. In response to a knock the priest opened the door, and as I saw that he already had a caller, I did not enter, but said: "Father, I have promised a Mass for the Souls in Purgatory. Will you kindly say it for me?" "Certainly," he replied, his clear-cut features brightening with a smile. I had a copy of the *Catholic World* at the hotel, and knowing that Catholic magazines and papers in the western States are usually as scarce as the actor's proverbial "box of wrinkles," I asked if he would care to have the magazine, adding that I could bring it to him the next morning as I came to Mass. "By all means," he answered, "I will be delighted to receive it." I said good afternoon and departed.

It is important that I give this apparently trivial report of our conversation, in order to estimate the true value of the incident that occurred the following morning. Of course it is understood that I had never seen or heard of Fr. Reade before, and it was not until on the morrow that I learned his name. The above was all that was said between us and lasted about two minutes.

Sunday morning I received Holy Communion from his hands. The whole burden of my prayer of preparation and thanksgiving was for light to know whether it was God's will that I become a Religious. By the time Father Reade had un-

THE † SIGN

vested, the greater part of the congregation had departed. I remained beseeching the Sacred Heart to enlighten me. As Father Reade passed the pew where I was kneeling I silently handed him the magazine. "Oh, thank you," he said in a subdued tone. "Come into the rectory and I will give you a scapular medal." "I'll be with you in a minute, Father," I replied. My thanksgiving finished, I left the church and found him at the curb-stone in front of the rectory. Catching sight of me, he said, "Come right in," and walked quickly into the house. He did not glance at me, but as I stepped inside the door, he turned on his heel, clapped me on the shoulder with one hand and looking straight into my eyes said, "My dear young man, you ought to be a *Religious*! I believe you have a vocation!" Notice that he did not say: "You ought to be a priest," but a *Religious*. Can you imagine my amazement? I was dumbfounded. Had I heard a Voice from the Tabernacle utter those words, in tones as clear and distinct in direct answer to my request, I do not believe I would have been more startled. A dozen questions at once went racing through my mind: "How could you know that I had any hopes of becoming a Religious? It is possible that you could have discovered some indications of a vocation, but why a *Religious* vocation? Why not a vocation to the secular priesthood like yourself? How can you, almost a perfect stranger to me, read my heart? Even if you could, you know nothing of my past, my antecedents; whether I am a scatter-brained visionary, a knave or a fool; whether I'm a mere dreamer of dreams, an example of shallow piety, a self-deluded unfortunate . . . then *why* should such remarkable words fall from your lips?" These thoughts flashed by in less time than it takes to write them. When I had recovered somewhat from my state of utter surprise, Father Reade asked me whether I had ever thought of the priesthood, I briefly recounted my experience of the previous Summer. "Ah, that was the devil, my boy. Had I listened to all his suggestions I would not be a priest today and there is not a happier priest in the land than I am here in this little church with my missions. Now when you get back to New York (I had explained my profession) I want you to go to Keyser Island to the Jesuits and make a retreat to determine your vocation: I believe you ought to be a Religious. Let me know the result of your retreat."

"That is the idea I have had, Father, but I thought of going to the Passionist Monastery, as

I believe I wish to become a Passionist, if I really have a vocation."

"Very well, don't forget to let me know the result, and now, good-bye, as I must hurry off to my mission station."

I WAS too bewildered by this remarkable incident to ask him how he came to speak those first words. After making the suggested retreat in April, I wrote him that I was to be received into the Congregation and begin my novitiate the following month. I received no reply. A second letter, written some years ago, was returned to me by his sister who informed me of his death, which occurred during my novitiate. May his soul rest in peace.

Thus was the tangled skein of my vocation to the priesthood unravelled.

My indulgent reader, do you worship at the shrine of the blind Goddess Chance, or is it too great a stretch of imagination to discern the merciful Hand of Providence leading me on to the goal, which at times appeared quite beyond my reach? Is it difficult to believe the teaching of Catholic spiritual writers that God often makes use of things insignificant in themselves—such as a book, sermon, or a sentence—to lead a soul on to fulfill the Divine Will? The unsolicited invitation to the monastery, the request of my friend to write a description of my visit, the advice of my confessor, the book of St. Alphonsus, particularly Cardinal Newman's loaned me without the asking, *The Imitation, St. Augustine's Confessions*, the life of the young religious, and finally, the "incident" with Fr. Reade—were they not all links in the chain of Divine Love which led me on, step by step, over the quagmires of hesitation and uncertainty, past the abysses of doubt and discouragement, until my feet rested upon firm ground? Remember my old pastor had said: "If God wants you to be a priest, you *will* be." If God begins work in a soul and it places no obstacles to its progress and does its own little part, we may be certain that He will bring it to a happy issue.

Perhaps you ask, "How about the metamorphosis from actor to monk?" or as a scribe eloquently announced my departure in a home journal: "From the Sock and Buskin to the Cassock and Stole!" Does the call of "The Great White Way" no longer reach your ears? I reply, "Would a reasonable being exchange a bit of tinsel-gilt for a pearl of great price? Is the masterpiece of a Titian or a Millet comparable to the gorgeous tints of a western sunset drawn by the

THE † SIGN

Divine Artist? But, then, you see, I've only changed my rôle and shifted the scenes to a vaster stage: I am still an actor whose prologue is the present life, whose first curtain is rung down by the Stage-Manager, Death, while the *real* action of the piece begins in Eternity. The call-bell of the vow of obedience directs my steps, and my cues are all plainly written out in the rules of my Congregation. Should I falter in my lines the Divine Prompter is ever at my side to whisper words of encouragement and sustain me by His all-powerful grace. The most radical change is the hours; whereas I was accustomed to begin at 8:30 P. M., I retire to rest at that hour, and whereas I was sometimes wont to be creeping into bed at 2 A. M., now I arise at that hour with my brethren to chant the praises of God, while my old friends and the weary world is sleeping.

Happy? Happier far than I ever dreamed possible. Why not? Monks and nuns are not, as many non-Catholics imagine, poor, unhappy creatures who have been disappointed in love or have been failures in the world. No, they have been fortunate enough to recognize the fact that

Divine Love alone is worth possessing; that in God alone is to be found true peace and happiness. Nothing on earth is so sweet as the service of God and the laboring for souls.

Come with me in spirit to Calvary and stand beneath the Cross. Harken to the piteous cry from the parched and bleeding lips of Jesus Christ; "I thirst!" Yes, a thirst for *souls* that had been the master passion of His life, a thirst for souls for whom His last drop of Blood will have been shed in vain; for the souls whom His Heavenly Father had sent Him into the world to save; for the souls through whom He thirsts to glorify that Father; for the souls of the rich and poor, learned and ignorant, the proud and the mighty, pagan and Jew, agnostic and indifferentist; for all the Prodigals, the Magdalens, yes, even for the souls of the Judases! With that heart-rending appeal ringing in their ears, is it possible, think you, that the men and women who have consecrated their little all to a Crucified God, do not experience joy and happiness in His service and that there are some chosen souls who, in an agony of love, weep because they cannot do more?

Invisible Spears

BY P. J. O'CONNOR DUFFY

There's a fight on in China, a fight for the Faith,

The vanguard is in it; but are you

And am I: are we in the fight, in the fight for the Faith

Afar where the valiant dare and do?

Oh, the harvest it is great, but the laborers are few—

Can we not, shall we not, lend a hand,

For the glory of our race, in the perils which they face

Through God's grace to preach His Gospel in that land?

There are legions in China, sad legions that the Faith

Would bless with the loveliness we know,

For all time would sign them God's in the House of the Faith

Where lamps lit of heaven are aglow.

Look: the beckoning Christ He sheweth the way that He would go;

He will guide, He will comfort in the fray.

Yea, if we should only fare in the spirit with His there,

We shall share in their triumph far away.

There are soldiers in China, strong Knights of the Faith

Their Captain Mary's Son, Christ the Lord.

They are ours, who saw this vision of good strife for the Faith

Let ours be the exceeding great reward!

Though we stay, yet attuned to the deep reverberant chord

Of compassion that leads forth the brave,

Our land's holy sons and daughters we can speed across the waters,

And Who bought us at a great price—He will save . . .

Categorica: *As Set Forth in News and Opinions*

EDITED BY N. M. LAW

"CUCKOO" PARENTS

Needless to say we do not mean "cuckoo" in the vulgar sense, though that meaning would not be far past the mark. Father Knox, in the *Universe* (London), explains how some parents today resemble that proverbially lazy and careless bird.

"I am always meaning to write a fable about the cuckoo who laid an egg in a thrush's nest, and afterwards complained that the young bird was not getting on very well with his singing," said Fr. Ronald Knox, addressing a big meeting of the combined parishes of Walthamstow on Monday.

Fr. Knox, whose address was entitled "Every Catholic a Live Wire," was speaking of the parents' duty towards the education of the child.

"Parenthood does not simply mean bringing children into the world. It means bringing them up for the world," Fr. Knox declared.

"For Heaven's sake, do not think that because you have sent your child to a Catholic school his religious education is off your hands. The schoolmaster cannot do what the parent has neglected in the home."

The Dearborn Independent sends out this parental S.O.S.

In the 'agony column' of the *London Times* appears the following: 'A parent would appreciate advice from any with successful experience in correcting naughty boys.' What a confession of helplessness! Speaking directly, the only way to correct naughty boys is to correct them. 'But how?' asks the helpless one. To use a Gilbertian phrase in its general sense, it would appear that the best way would be 'to make the punishment fit the crime.' If the naughtiness is only of a trifling nature, a word of warning and advice may be sufficient, but if it is of a serious character, more drastic measures would have to be adopted.

Boys are created neither angels nor devils; they are sort of a blend of the two. To wring the evil brew out of them requires some strenuous laundering occasionally, but in place of putting them on the ironing board the modern tendency is to whitewash them. At a later stage the whitewash won't hold and the ugly spots begin to show underneath.

'The wisest man the world e'er saw' said something about sparing the rod and spoiling the child. He probably knew what he was talking about. Rehoboam, his son, must have given him more trouble than enough, and Solomon himself was not a shining example of what a well-trained young man should be. He spoke out of the wealth of his experience.

A good many years ago, there appeared in a popular magazine, an article on "The Training of Parents." Perhaps the lack of training in parents is the root cause of the predicament in which this English parent finds himself.

FOUR SONS TO THE MISSIONS

To be the mother or father of a priest is a great blessing and privilege, but what blessings must come to this family that gave four sons to the service of the Master in the Field Afar. From *The Evangelist*:

The remarkable contribution which the Catholics of the Netherlands are making to the fields afar, in mission personnel, is exemplified by the number of priests given by one family, that of the Rev. J. Aelen of the Madras Mission, nephew of the Archbishop of Madras, the Most Rev. J. Aelen. Father Aelen recently observed his silver jubilee as a priest of the Mill Hill society and one of his cousins was ordained only a few weeks ago. Father Aelen writes: "He is the eleventh grandchild priest of my maternal grandfather. I am the oldest, he the youngest of the eleven. Too bad there is not one more to make a dozen, but he will be the last one. Just twenty-five years between the first one and the last to be ordained. Four of the eleven are missionaries in China, Java and India."

THE MISSIONARIES

So much criticism has been written of the Christian missionary in China, that it is refreshing to read this rousing tribute to the missionaries that appeared editorially in *The New York Times*:

"Every American," it is said in a recent French analysis of America, "is at heart an evangelist." The author speaks of American Protestants as imbued with a missionary spirit that is typically Anglo-Saxon, forgetful, seemingly, of the fact that it was Catholic missionaries, imbued with the same spirit, who evoked the valleys of the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi from the unknown. "Not a cape was turned, not a river was entered," says Bancroft, the historian, that one of them did not lead the way. The Christian missionary has been in the van of the migrations that have peopled the prairies and the valleys beyond. Americans come honestly by the missionary spirit, both by inheritance and experience, and deem themselves under some obligation to share with the rest of the world what has come to them of missionary enterprise since the days of the pioneer missionaries in the English Isles who have

THE † SIGN

now become Saints Alban, Ninian, Patrick and Columba.

In this century, when the conveniences of civilization tend to waft men to heaven "on flowery beds of ease," it is inspiring that there are still men and women who have the zeal of those early Christian missionaries and who are ready to endure any hardship or face any peril in order to carry their gospel around the earth. That commercial and political interests have often taken advantage of their presence and the results of their single-minded work should not obscure the nobility of their effort to illustrate to those of other cultures what we have deemed best in ours. Everywhere the American missionary has gone not only preaching his gospel, but what is far better, illustrating it, founding schools, hospitals, orphanages, asylums. Not to do this would be a faithlessness to that spirit which is incarnate in Christian civilization.

LAST OF THE NINTH

There is a touching pathos in the following verse, written by the well-known columnist, William F. Kirk, just before he died. Though couched in the language of the baseball diamond, it is not lacking in feeling. From the *New York Herald Tribune*:

The doctor knows what his trained eyes see,
And he says it's the last of the ninth for me.
One more swing while the clouds loom dark,
And then I must leave this noisy park.

'Twas a glorious game from the opening bell—
Good plays, bad plays and thrills pell mell.
The speed of it burned my years away,
But I thank the great God that He let me play.

THE VALUE OF TIME

Once in a red moon the leading editorial writer of the Hearst papers has something worthwhile to say and he usually says it in such a clear fashion that he who runs can read and understand. Sifting the chaff from the wheat, discarding his pet theory of "coming up from the animal condition where the brain was little developed," which the writer drags in on the least provocation, we have this, from the *New York Journal*:

Each of us has at the most a few years to spend on this earth.

We spend the first years hoping great things, the next few years dropping illusions one by one, and the last few years regretting the mistakes, the missed opportunities and the wasted time of the whole life. And after that comes the grave, and perhaps a new shuffle of the cards, and a new beginning here where we left off.

On this earth, so full of opportunities, filled with wonders, surrounded by the mystery of the infinite, man appears for a second—a second at least in the eyes of infinitude. And during his little second on earth, he actually devotes most of his attention to discovering some way "of passing the time."

Have you noticed how the people pass the time, how they try to make the hours fly by unnoticed?

They walk to a railroad station. They put a penny in a machine to make it play some foolish tune. Then they listen, passing the time, the brain dead.

They go to a restaurant. They order what they want. Immediately a terrific noise begins. A band is playing, and again the time passes, and again thought is impossible.

They meet each other. They talk certain definite platitudes, weather, baseball, jokes, nothing in particular, and again the time passes—and it passes very fast.

The husband goes home and tells his little trashy story of the day to his wife and that passes time. And then she tells her little trashy story about nothing at all—and that passes some more time.

And by and by they go to bed and sleep—and that passes about one-third of all their time.

The day will come, at the best, when you will look back from the edge of the grave to the beginning, years ago, and wish that you could have those years again. The day will come when you will long for the hour that you are wasting today, the hour that you are "passing," and wish that you had a chance to do what might have been done.

CHINA FOR THE CHINESE

From the first Pentecost Sunday the Church of God has been busy converting the heathen. With the experience of two thousand years as her guide is it any wonder that her policy in dealing with the nations should be the best and elicit the praise of all? From *The New York Times*:

Discussing the relations of the Vatican with China, "Augur," in the February number of *The Fortnightly Review*, comes to the conclusion that the Holy See has read correctly the handwriting on the wall, and has already taken steps to discount the failure of the white race to maintain its prestige in China. By encouraging the "chification" of the Church in China—that is, by deliberately hastening the process of elevating the Chinese to the priesthood and even to the higher places in the hierarchy—it has forestalled directing against Roman Catholicism the anti-Christian movement and has thus insured the permanence of the Catholic Church in China.

That the faithful servants of the Church whose unsung devotion to the cause of propagating the faith in Western and Southern China saw the logical outcome of the events of the last decade in China is not to be wondered at when it is realized that their method of life and of conducting their missionary work has long kept them in closest contact with the Chinese opinion. It has been the boast of the Catholic missions that they have required no expensive establishments, no imposing mission stations, no transplanted houses and churches of the West, but instead, have gone forth humbly to live the life of the Chinese with the Chinese, partaking of Chinese fare, living in Chinese houses and teaching as much by example as by instruction.

Via Dolorosa: Chapter Tenth in the Highway of the Cross

WHEN we are told "then Pilate delivered Him to them," and "they led Him forth to crucify Him," we instinctively wonder how long was that sad journey, is the route known, and is it possible to kiss now the very ground sprinkled with the tears and trodden by the bleeding feet of our Lord?

The answer is partly "yes" and partly "no." This distance, taking into account the turnings necessitated by the inequalities of the land, is from half to three-quarters of a mile. The route is known in the main: from the site of the Prætorium to that of the buildings erected by Constantine over Calvary and the Sepulchre; and the exigencies of locality and the flow of traffic show that the lay of the road can be little changed.

But the old level is gone; Romans, Persians and Saracens have burned and destroyed. Ashes and ruins lie deeper in other parts of the city; some five or six feet cover the road traversed by our Lord from the Prætorium to Golgotha.

It was "about the sixth hour," that is, nearing mid-day, when the procession emerged from the Prætorium. The space in front and the descent to the broad road beneath were thronged by the angry crowd that had been for hours clamoring for the death sentence, and now was rejoicing in its success.

First came a herald sounding from time to time a trumpet and proclaiming the names and crimes of the condemned. After him the centurion, charged to keep order, and to see that the executions were duly carried out; he had with

By PLACID WAREING, C.P.

him forty or fifty men chosen from the hundred under his command. Then a soldier bearing on a pole a large wooden tablet with the inscription in three languages: "Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews;" it was written on a white ground and in letters first scratched with an iron point, then filled in with red. Following him were two or three files of soldiers, six abreast, in chestnut-colored tunics

and iron breast-plates, with spears resting on their shoulders, but under no standard.

Then the few soldiers appointed for the actual work of execution, and carrying the necessary implements with them and in their immediate charge were our Lord and the two malefactors, each, as the law prescribed, laden with the cross on which he was to die. It is probable that our Lord, in order that He might be the more conspicuous, was made to walk in front of the two thieves. The procession closed with more files of soldiers, to keep back the pressure of the crowd.



THE MEETING OF JESUS AND HIS MOTHER

OUR LORD wears His own garments, the white woolen tunic, now torn, stained and clinging to His cut and bleeding body; over it the

mantle, a square of colored cloth, now roughly fastened on His shoulders by cords that are also round His neck. The crown of thorns has been for the time removed; on His head is the white linen kerchief—the *kufieh*—for to go bare-headed under the burning sun in such exhaustion would certainly have caused sun-stroke, if not death.

Thus He appears clothed as the people had known Him during the years of His preach-

THE † SIGN



JESUS ASSISTED BY SIMON OF CYRENE

ing and miracles. But the whiteness of the head-dress now frames the pallid whiteness of the agony of the face. His steps are uncertain from weakness and some of His footprints in the dust are marked with blood. His exhausted frame bends beneath the weight of the cross, fashioned from two pieces of pine-wood long enough to bear His body extended on them. The arms that hold and try to steady it are gashed and bleeding; His slender hands, how thin and white! Soon appears another wound, on the left shoulder.

THE PROGRESS of the procession is slow, for the weight of the cross grows heavier and heavier, and the crowd press in upon Him. The rabble assail Him with most cruel and bitter taunts—"the venom of asps under their lips—and some, when they get the opportunity, throw stones and dust of the road on Him.

At the foot of the declivity there was—discernible until recent years—an abrupt projection of the ground, high enough to embarrass those ascending, and a danger to those descend-

ing, especially if impeded in their movements. There tradition has placed the first fall beneath the cross, and tells that when our Lord rose, bruised and trembling, His strength quite failed and He was unable to raise the cross.

THE PROCESSION has come to a standstill. The soldiers halt, silent and unmoved. The two malefactors look on, wondering. The crowd gathers round; some hiss and mock both the condemned and the executioners; some cry to the centurion to make no delay, for time is pressing. The cross lies on the ground.

The road from the Damascus gate traverses the valley here, and by it a stranger is observed approaching, evidently from the country. The Romans were always pre-emptory in requisitioning among conquered peoples, and therefore the stranger is bidden to lift up the cross and carry it. Resistance is useless. Willing or not, he must obey.

As a way is being cleared through the crowd, and they are preparing to start again, a group of women who have followed, apart from the rabble, and keeping close together, draw near. The delay and confusion make it possible for them to approach for a moment, the prisoners. They are His Mother, Mary and Martha, Mary the wife of Cleophas, Salome, Johanna and others. The Mother and Son are face to face, sorrow beyond telling reigns in their hearts, while she holds Him in her love and pours over His sufferings the sweet waters of her compassion.

Having gone for a very short distance along the broad road in the valley, the procession turns westward and ascends a short and rugged street leading to the gate of Judgment. The street is steep and narrow, so that here and there arches join the houses, dirty and dusty. Our Lord is scarcely able to climb the ascent; the heat is intense, the atmosphere oppressive, the crowd is still increasing, some standing at the doors, some impeding progress, some pressing round the guards.

As he slowly passes a house, a woman, Veronica by name, looking through the lattice that covers the window, and touched to the heart by His distress, snatches up a towel, hastily bathes it in cold water, and rushing from the house, makes her way to His side. Her sudden daring saves her from molestation, and He, accepting the proffered aid, wipes His bleeding brow and pitifully-stained face with the towel. Nor does she know how gracious her reward till safe again within the house she unfolds the towel and her

THE † SIGN

astonished eyes behold the sacred impress of His Divine countenance.

WHEN, passing through the Judgment Gate, the procession wound itself outside the city wall, the wall of Ezechias, in those days the boundary; a sudden change from busy street to open country. On either hand was the wall, about forty feet high, strengthened at intervals by projecting towers, and having at its foot a moat. At a short distance on the right, and about twenty paces from the moat, was the little knoll of Golgotha, or Calvary, distinguished from the neighboring gardens by a broad, bare rock that crowned it, and from which it took its name, Golgotha, the place of the skull, through the supposed likeness to a bald head. Immediately before the gate was an open space where several roads converged towards the city.

Here our Lord perceives a number of women gathered together at the side of the path leading to Golgotha; their children are with them, and they are sorrow-stricken and weeping. When He is close to them, and they see how weakness and suffering have wrecked that beautiful manhood, they raise their voices in loud lamentation, despite the prohibition of the law.

He turns to them, and, compassion answering to compassion, His thoughts run forward forty years, when the hand of His Father will strike to utter destruction the city faithless to His love; when those young mothers will indeed mourn and those children gazing on Him with open-eyed wonder and fear will see the last traces of Israel's freedom and nationality go down in the massacre at the desecrated Temple.

He speaks the only recorded words of the sorrowful journey, quoting the prophecy of Osee and Jeremias' imagery of the green and dry wood: "Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not over Me; but weep for yourselves and for your children. For behold the days shall come wherein they will say: Blessed are the barren and the wombs that have not borne, and the paps that have not given suck. Then shall they begin to say to the mountains: Fall upon us, and to the hills, cover us. For if in the green wood they do these things, what shall be done in the dry?" Words hard for Him to say, and heavy for them to hear.

A moment afterwards, at the foot of the gentle ascent to Golgotha, and within sight of the cave, or vault, where He must stay while the last preparations are made, He is offered a cup of strong wine mixed with myrrh and poppy juice, which,



VERONICA WIPES THE FACE OF JESUS

while bringing strength, would dull the brain and make the body less sensible of pain. Custom among the Jews permitted this act of kindness to those led out of the city to be stoned to death; among the Romans it was not infrequent for charitable ladies to prepare and offer the potion to unfortunate men about to be crucified. Who presented it to our Divine Lord we do not know; all we know is that when He had tasted He would not drink of the cup offered Him for solace, because He would drink to the dregs the cup given Him by His Father.

The Scourging

By SISTER M. BENVENUTA, O.P.

A priest the lash that singing bends
Above the holy Board,
Whose sacring word God's Body rends,
With Precious Blood outpoured.

Our Lady of Pity

The Appeal of Jesus Crucified

HOLY SCRIPTURE records in touching language the story of a heroic mother and her seven sons. Called upon to transgress the laws of their religion, they firmly refused. The tyrant, filled with anger, put six of them to death by slow torture before the very eyes of the grief-stricken mother.

When it came the turn of the seventh, the youngest, the king thought that a mother's tenderness could not resist this trial and he counseled her to persuade her only remaining son to save himself and her by disobeying the laws of God. "And when he had exhorted her with many words, she promised that she would counsel her son. So bending herself towards him, mocking the cruel tyrant, she said in her own language: 'I beseech thee, my son, look upon heaven and earth and all that is in them: and consider that God made them out of nothing, and mankind also: so thou shalt not fear this tormentor.'" Encouraged by this, her youngest and dearest met death bravely and, shortly after, she followed him.

The inspired writer is moved to words of praise for her courage and heroism. "Now the mother," he says, "was to be admired above measure and worthy to be remembered by good men, who behold her seven sons slain in the space of one day and bore it with a good courage, for the hope that she had in God." (2 MACC. 7.)

Such are the reasons why we should admire and remember this mother who "joined a man's heart to a woman's thought." How much more reason, then, have we to remember and admire the heroic Mother of Jesus, who in her life endured seven times the piercing sword of sorrow. She should be frequently the subject of our meditations, because, according to the prophecy, the very purpose of her sorrow was, "that out of many hearts thoughts may be revealed." (LUKE 2/35.)

Her whole life was one of sorrow. Even when Jesus was but an infant in her arms, she became the Mother of Sorrows. Only forty days after His birth, she heard the holy old man Simeon, foretell the woes that awaited her. From that moment she suffered, as only a mother can suffer watching in fear and anguish for that dread day to come. We can never imagine the sorrow

By FRANCIS SHEA, C. P.

of her heart when Herod sought the life of her Child. At every

step on that journey to Egypt she dreaded the appearance of a soldier who would tear the Child from her arms and strike all joy from her life with one swift thrust of his sword. And if this journey was so full of anguish when Jesus was, at least for the time being, safe in her arms, how much more she suffered when He was lost for three days!

Finally, the time came when the disciples told her that Jesus was betrayed by Judas, brought before Pilate and unjustly condemned to death. There is only one place for her now and that is at the side of her Son. She stations herself at the entrance to a side-street. The procession draws near; she sees the instruments of His execution carried by, next the herald who proclaims the sentence of death and at last Jesus, Himself, burdened with a heavy Cross, covered with wounds and blood and faint with fatigue and pain. She sees His agony, His shame, His utter loneliness. One look and He is swept on by the fierce cruelty of the soldiers. With bowed head, she follows the blood-stained footprints of her Son to Calvary.

There she hears the heavy hammer strike the sharp nails that pierce through and fasten to the Cross His hands and feet; she sees the Cross with its living Victim raised aloft and dropped into the hole prepared for it. Jesus is hanging on the Cross and Mary draws near. There she stands a figure of such unutterable sorrow that the Church uses the inspired words of the prophet to describe her—words originally intended to describe the sufferings of her Son: "To what shall I compare thee? or to what shall I liken thee, O daughter of Jerusalem? to what shall I equal thee, that I may comfort thee, O virgin daughter of Sion? for great as the sea is thy destruction; who shall heal thee?" (LAM. 2:13.) "O ye that pass by the way, attend, and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow." (LAM. 1/12.)

THE INTENSITY of her sorrow can be measured only when we recall the relations, as Mother and Creature, that she bore to Him. She was first of all, His Mother. As a Mother, she beheld the beauty of His face disfigured with blood and defiled with spittle; the Eyes, that had looked into

THE † SIGN

hers so trustfully and lovingly, now dimmed with blood and settling into the glassy stare of death; the Tongue, that had called her "Mother," parched with thirst and made bitter with gall and vinegar; the Head, that she had so gently pillowed on her breast, crowned with thorns and not even able to rest against the hard wood of the Cross; His Hands and Feet riveted to the Cross with sharp nails; His Flesh torn in a hundred places by the cruel scourge; His whole Body, hanging in helpless Agony; the slow, torturing agony of a shameful death—all this she saw with a mother's quick intuition and ready sympathy.

SAD AS ALL this was, it was not the climax of her suffering. It did not sound the depths of her woe. A mother at the death-bed of her loved one will busy herself about a thousand details. To the eyes of the unloving, they may be foolish; to the eyes of the cold spectator, they may perhaps, appear useless, but they are of supreme importance in the eyes of a mother. But all these promptings of a mother's heart were denied to Mary. She saw Jesus suffering, she saw Him dying—and she was powerless to help Him. She could not ease His drooping Head; nor bathe His fevered brow; nor quench the awful thirst that tortured Him. And all the while His enemies stood there, jeering at Him, scoffing at His helplessness, blaspheming Him most vilely and answering His pitiful cry for water with a bitter draught of gall and vinegar. What a sight for a mother—to look upon His sufferings, to be unable to comfort Him, to behold the tireless cruelty of His executioners.

In the same circumstances, any mother would have suffered as she did. To Mary, however, there was the all important fact that Her Son was also her God and she was His most favored creature. She was able to recall how He had singled her out, even before her birth, to be His Mother, and, in order to make her the best possible Mother, had created her Immaculate. He gave her the joys of motherhood and, at the same time, the privilege of virginity. He bore her features, He was nourished at her breast. He grew up in ever-increasing beauty before her very eyes. From the first rapturous embrace in the cold cave of Bethlehem, her love for Him had grown with His growth throughout the thirty-three years.

She knew herself to be a Spiritual Vessel—full of grace—overflowing with the most precious fruits of the Passion of her Son and her God. His sufferings were to her the price of all

her graces and privileges and joys. More than St. Paul ever did or ever could realize, she understood that "He loved me and gave himself for me." The love that resulted from this understanding of His Passion was the purest, the most intense that was ever directed from a creature's to the Heart of God. As she loved, so she sorrowed over the insults, the sufferings, the blasphemies, that were the answer of ungrateful creatures to His gesture of all-embracing love.

As a mother, then, she grieved over the dead joys of the past and the living reality of His present pains. As the most favored of God's creatures, she suffered the pangs of a gratitude that knew how precious were the graces given her and how powerless she was to render adequate thanksgiving. As the holiest of His creatures, she was saddened beyond measure by the sins of men—their ingratitude toward the good and bountiful God. She longed to mother them and lead them to an understanding of this mystery of His love—the complete and final revelation on earth of His infinite and eternal Love.

Thus meditating at the Foot of the Cross, she heard the voice that for her held all the music of the heavenly choirs, that was to her sweeter than the perfect harmony of the angelic chorus: "Woman, behold thy Son!" She strained forward to hear more of those celestial accents and they come through labored breathing: "Son, behold, Thy Mother."

The voice was, indeed, the voice of her Son, Jesus, but the words were the creative words of God. In one flash of illuminating grace; she knew her destiny, she understood the purpose of her Sorrows. Until the world dissolves in fire, she must be "the Mother of all the living;" she must be consoler, the comforter, the guide of all those redeemed by the Precious Blood of her Son. Just as her Immaculate Conception was the proper and worthy preparation for her sublime dignity as Mother of God, so her Sorrows were the natural and fitting preparation for the office of Mother of the Redeemed.

HAVING passed through that fiery ordeal of sorrow and suffering, she is eminently qualified to be the "Health of the sick," "Comfortress of the Afflicted," "the Help of Christians," "the Refuge of Sinners." No sinner who contemplates her Sorrows needs to be told that she is the Mother of Mercy, full of pity for those who blindly and ignorantly crucify her Son. No sufferer in this vale of tears should hesitate to call

(Continued on page 618)

The Haunted Mill

No. 2 in a Story of the New Jersey Pines

BARWELL'S MILLS, in the heart of the Pines, was a pioneer settlement in colonial days. At the close of the nineteenth century, nothing remained of it except the shell of the brick building by the stream, the old mill wheel, leaning in tipsy melancholy over the clear, amber-colored water that rippled down from the cedar swamp, and the legends that for two centuries had gathered around the spot.

Barwell's Mills had an appealing beauty in its solitude and decay quite as poetic in its own way as that of old Pompeii. Slowly, silently, the forest had returned and claimed its own. Heavy growths of pine and spruce, oak and birch hid the foundations of the former dwellings and grew up through the broken floor of the old mill. The mill wheel was almost hidden by a tangled mass of wild roses, jewel-weed and elder. The wild creatures of the forest made the old mill their headquarters. Deer, foxes, muskrats, otters, even bears, had been seen around it. At night-fall owls hooted and wailed from the chimney, and the whip-poor-will called from the door. But (so said the forest people), Stranger Things than deer or bear might be seen there on moonlight nights, and wilder cries than the calls of the night birds had been heard from the crumbling ruins.

ONE RADIANT morning in May, the young parish priest of Littleville strode briskly along the road toward Barwell's Mills. On such a day he could not work at his desk, so he resolved on a walk to a saw-mill in the woods to spend the morning with the lumbermen. He was like a boy

just out of school—whistling, singing, hunting under the new leaves for trailing arbutus, chasing squirrels, jumping across brooks.

"It's great! It's glorious! The whole world's at play today. What did Browning say?"

How good is man's life—the mere living!
How fit to employ
All the heart and the soul and the senses
Forever in Joy!

THE great pine forest that still stretches through the heart of New Jersey from Lakewood to the salt marshes of the coast is a mysterious twilight zone between the Present and the Past. In its voice Memory and Hope are severely blended. It calls to us from our childhood, yet it beckons from the far horizon.

The stories and legends of the forest are many, the folk-lore of generations. Among these tales the strangest and wildest of all is still told and believed by the people of the Pines; for they are in many ways as primitive as their ancestors, in spite of flippers and phonographs and public schools. This story, grotesque and uncanny, yet full of the tragedy of human life and sin, was told the author with conviction by an old blind woman. It is the story of Leed's Devil.

"Something like that. Say, how about trying a new road to the saw-mill?" he asked a blue-jay that was scolding furiously just over his head. "I'm out for an adventure this morning. Swear as much as you like, I'm going to try this winding road that leads right into the heart of the woods. What if I do get lost? What if I am late for dinner? Mary will scold just as you are doing—but what care I?"

THE blue-jay answered with a harsh scream and flew away. Father Mc-Sooy turned into the grass-grown road under the pines. And he began to sing, "The top o' the mornin' to you," in answer to the blackbirds and thrushes. With every step his exhilaration increased. The poetry of his childhood—long forgotten poems taught him

by his English mother and his Irish grandmother—rushed to his lips. The loveliness of the solitary wood touched by the rosy finger-tips of May spoke to his heart. The spirit of the Spring whispered to him in the rustling of the trees and called to him in liquid notes of the birds.

"This is an enchanted wood!" he exclaimed. "Surely the nymphs are abroad this morning."

He paused abruptly. His heart stood still. In

THE † SIGN

the silvery haze of the distant forest road, something bright appeared. The highly imaginative Celtic nature of the priest, keenly responsive to any suggestion of the supernatural, held him motionless. The bright object advanced toward him between the stems of the pines It was a woman in a red dress.

Inwardly cursing his unaccountable fear, Father McSooy forced himself to walk forward. A passing cloud darkened the sky; the forest was sombre in its shadow. The woman's figure was the only bright color on a twilight background. She was young and handsome, gaudily dressed like a gypsy. As she drew near to the priest, her strange beauty amazed him. She came straight up to him and stood close, her terribly beautiful eyes holding his in a wide, unfaltering stare that told her dark story. No man can see that bold look in a woman's eyes and mistake its meaning. The priest had seen that look in the slums of the city; but to meet it here in the solitude of Spring woods, surrounded by the joyous innocence of wild nature, seemed appalling. For those piercing eyes, so near his own were wholly evil. A weird verse of an old English poet floated through his mind:

"There came and looked him in the face
An angel beautiful and bright—
And then he knew it was a fiend—
This miserable knight!"

His fingers grasped his crucifix as he asked calmly: "What do you want, my child?"

"What do *you* want?" replied the girl in a strange, low voice. She came nearer, her eyes still holding his.

"You must stand aside and let me pass," said the priest, trying to brush past her.

She laughed softly, and seized his arm with both hands, claspng it to her side while her eyes never left his face.

EXERTING all his strength, the priest tore away her hands and threw her off, so that she reeled against a tree. Screaming with rage, she sprang at him like a wild creature; but twice he thrust her back. Then—for the thought of demoniacal possession flashed across his mind—he grasped her arm, holding her back from him while with his left hand he held his crucifix before her eyes, exclaiming, "In the name of Jesus Christ, come out of her!"

A filthy oath broke from her lips. She struck the crucifix to the ground, and jerking her arm from his grasp, rushed away down the forest road. Again the priest was alone, surrounded by

the serene loveliness of the woods. It was all but incredible that such a strange, tempestuous scene could have taken place. He picked up the crucifix and kissed it gently, while he murmured a prayer for the poor, mad creature, so pathetic a victim of vice.

"Can't I ever get away from the sin and sorrow of this cruel world? Not even in this lovely garden of nature, where all seems so pure and gentle and happy?" he asked himself bitterly, as he walked on. The sun still threw enchanting splashes of gold on the green path ahead of him, the wood thrush trilled amid wild cherry blossoms, but the beauty of the world no longer touched the heart of the priest; it had been eclipsed by the dark shadow of human degradation.

II.

THE BUZZING of the saw-mill at last guided Father McSooy to the clearing. Struggling through scrub oak and blackberry briars, he reached the wood-cutters just as they were sitting down to lunch. Mike Mulhane, the foreman, hailed the priest joyfully.

"Wherever have you been, Father? We didn't expect to see you come from that direction. Did you get lost?"

"Yes, I took the wrong road. I thought I'd never find you; and I never would have if I hadn't heard the saw-mill . . . Well, friends, how's the world treating you all today? How's the baby, Jim? How's your bad knee behaving, Tom? Here's a bottle of liniment I bought for you. Try it. Well, George, I haven't seen you at church yet. You told me you were coming the day you were working in my garden."

Poor, half-witted George, grinned foolishly and drawled in his piping voice, "I don't care nothin' about church. I was to church onct when I was a kid, but Jake Bolton he put a hop-toad down me back, and I ain't never been sence."

The loud guffaw that greeted this reminiscence showed that the sympathies of the audience were with Jake Bolton. Father McSooy, after partaking sparingly of the greasy morsels generously pressed upon him by his hosts, said to Mike: "Doesn't anybody live over that way where I got lost? What's the nearest house in that direction? I didn't see any."

"There's only one house over on that road, and it ain't a house you'd care to go to," said Mike, shortly.

"Who lives there?" inquired the priest.

"Kate and Gussie," replied Mike, "and a prec-

THE † SIGN

ious pair they are. Father, I got six more members for the Holy Name Society. Ain't that bully?"

"Fine! I want to talk to you more about that. Let's take a stroll up the bank."

The winding path on the steep bank of the stream was as lovely a walk as one could find in all the country, but the priest had no eyes for its beauties. "Mike," he said, "who are Kate and Gussie?"

"Kate Carney and her daughter. Kate's the worst character in the county, and that's sayin' a good deal; and Gussie's half devil: That's who they are. It's no use at all for you to get excited about them, Father. Nobody can do them any good. The Episcopal minister's tried, and the Methodist minister has, too. Kate only cusses 'em and slams the door in their faces. She's bad clear through, and the young one is worse than she is."

"Are they natives of these woods?"

"Kate was born in the house she lives in. Nice, respectable Irish parents, but there wasn't any priest down here then, and they lost the Faith, and let their girl grow up a heathen. There's a good many like that all through this country, Father. Old man Carney was struck dead by lightnin', and the mother went crazy and had to be taken to the asylum. Then Kate was left alone, for all the other children had died when they were little. Instead of marrying respectable, she started out to be—well, what she is now."

"Who is Gussie's father?" asked the priest.

Mike replied soberly, "I'll tell you what the people up here in the woods believe. They say Gussie's father was the Jersey Devil." As Mike pronounced this dreaded name, he blessed himself on the principle of safety first. Then he stopped abruptly in the path, exclaiming: "Holy Mother of God! I didn't notice we were so near! Let's beat it, Father."

"Near what?"

MIKE SILENTLY pointed to the Old Mill which was just before them. "That's where it was born, so they say. Come along, Father. It isn't wise to go nearer." He seized the priest's arm, and turning him squarely about, led him back toward the saw-mill.

"Tell me about the Jersey Devil," said Father McSooy, thinking of his strange encounter in the woods. "Is he worse than the New York Devil? I can hardly believe that."

"The Jersey Devil's different. Some calls-him Leed's Devil. He's half woman, and that makes

him worse," replied Mike, who was a hen-pecked husband.

"Please tell me the story, Mike. What was—or is—Leed's Devil supposed to be? And why do people associate it with the girl Gussie? What is the matter with her?"

MIKE TAPPED his forehead. "Crazy, Father, Crazy on one subject—smart as a whip in most things. She's the kind that up in New York they put behind bars over on the island. But down here in the woods, they let 'em run wild. The Episcopal minister tried to get Kate arrested and have Gussie sent to some kind of Good Shepherd house; but it fell through somehow. Lots of good people have tried to reform them two, but it can't be done. Our boss's wife, young Mrs. Hayle, coaxed Kate to let Gussie come and live with her, when Gus was only thirteen. Everybody was surprised that Kate would let her go, but you know Mrs. Hayle is a good-looker, and a mighty takin' way she has, sure. Well, Mrs. Hayle was teachin' Gussie to be a real good kitchen and dining-room girl—and sendin' her to day school, too; when one day she come home from Philadelphia and found all her jewelry gone and Gussie, too. Mr. Dick was mad as a hornet, and he got his revolver and the constable and went to Kate's house and kicked the door down and found the jewelry under the mattress. Then they sent Kate to jail for awhile and Gus to the Reform School. But Gus ran away and came back here—and stayed several weeks alone in the old mill! I don't know as she was alone, either," added Mike mysteriously.

"This is a queer story, Mike. How could the child live alone without money?"

"Sure, she had money—plenty of it. She used to walk down to the village and buy her provisions, large as life. Don't ask me where she and Kate get their money—they always have it. Mr. and Mrs. Hayle drove up here to try to find her and help her; but she cussed 'em so terrible for sendin' her mother to jail Mr. Dick wouldn't let his wife speak to her again. Such foul talk as that hussy uses I never heard anywhere, if I was brought up in Minetta Lane," added Mike, who was a native of Greenwich Village. "But, you see, her living alone in that place everybody else is afraid of makes people believe the old story about Leed's Devil being her father."

"What was that story?"

"Well, people say Kate used to be seen around the Old Mill, too, when she was a girl—specially after sunset. And Gussie was born the very year that Leed's Devil come back. And bein' such a

THE † SIGN

queer little wild cat with such a devilish temper—that's how the story started."

"Mike," said the priest, sternly, "what kind of an Irish fairy tale are you trying to tell me? I don't believe half of it. Why should a child of thirteen prefer to live alone in a ruined building? Why didn't she stay in her mother's cottage?"

"Sure, she couldn't get in. Friend Stockfield, the rich Quaker, had it all locked up to keep out tramps. He owns all these woods. But at last Mrs. Stockfield (a saint on earth she is) came up here and talked gentle to Gussie and unlocked her mother's house and made her comfortable there, and wouldn't let her be taken back to the reform school. Gus behaved better after that until Kate got out of jail and came home; and then the two of 'em started out to be worse than ever. That was six years and more ago, and now nobody interferes with 'em—and they keep the worst house in the county. There ain't much law up in these woods, Father."

"It's a strange and terrible story, Mike, even without the supernatural element. But tell me the legend of the Jersey Devil. How did the story start? How long ago?"

"More than a hundred years ago—time of the Revolution. Old Sam Saunders knows the story best. He saw the Thing twenty years ago."

III.

SAM SAUNDERS, with the other workmen, was enjoying his after-dinner pipe. The foreman's request that he relate his favorite tale of Leed's Devil for the enlightenment of the priest evidently flattered him. He felt the joy of the antiquarian in digging up the secrets of the past. With his shaggy white hair and beard and his tattered clothes, he seemed a veritable Rip Van Winkle, as, leaning against an aged oak and looking slowly around the circle of attentive faces, he told the story with the simple directness of antique conviction.

"It was most about two hundred years ago that the first 'Lisha Barwell built the Old Mill. 'Lisha he was one of the first Quakers what come to Jersey long about the same time Philadelphia was started. The last 'Lisha Barwell was father to Friend Timothy Stockfield's wife—Martha Barwell as was. At the time of the Revolutionary War, Barwell's Mills was a big town with nigh onto forty houses. The Barwells and all the old Quakers they was agin the war, but most of the young Quakers they jined Gen'l Washington's Army—leastways so I've heerd my grandpap say. The Barwells of that time—they

had a darter, name of Joan. Grandpap said his pap he remembered her and she was the best lookin' gal ever in the Pines—real tall and black-eyed and long black hair she wore hangin' down her back spite of bein' brought up a Quaker. She warn't no Quaker nohow. She used to go to dancin' parties and all the gay doin's. And when she was sixteen year old she run away and married a young feller name of Leeds, what went to the war soon arter and got killed in the battle between Pulaski's men and the British. Ye seed the battle monoooment, hain't ye?"

"Well, Joan Leeds she come back to the Old Mill arter her husband was killed. She'd been in Philadelphia, and folks said she had been livin' with a British officer while her husband was out fightin'. When she come back to Barwell's Mills a widder, old man Barwell he accused her, and he says, 'Your child hain't no Leeds, it belongs to a British captain.' Then Joan, she swore an awful oath that it was a lie, and she says, 'I hope to God I give birth to a devil if it's true.' The words was no sooner outen her mouth than she give the awfulest scream and fell back on the bed, dead. And the dreadfullest monster flew through the room and outen the winder. It had a head like a calf with horns and glary eyes, and a body like a big bird and a long tail. And the next day the Hessians they come and burn't the town, because the people had kep provisions there for Washington's army. Only the Old Mill was left standin'.

"And every twenty year," added the historian with slow solemnity, "Leed's Devil comes back to the Old Mill. The last time it was seen was in 1880—and this is the year 1900. It'll be here this year!"

There was an awed silence. Tom ventured to ask, in a would-be careless tone, "Didn't ye see it yerself, Sam?"

"I seen it," said Sam with still greater solemnity, "twenty year ago come next June on that there road where the priest got lost today. I seen it in the woods nigh about fifty yard from Carney's house. And the next day on that very spot old man Carney was struck dead!"

A sudden, sharp cracking sound caused all the listeners to start violently, and look nervously behind them, Jim exclaiming, "What's that?" The freckled face of Mike wore a mischievous grin as he replied, "I was just breakin' off some of the brush. What's the matter, Jim? Did you think I was the Jersey Devil?"

"Naw! You're a durn sight wuss lookin'" growled Jim.

THE † SIGN

"Do you hear that, now, Father?" said Mike. "Can't New York always beat Jersey? But come along, men—it's one o'clock—we must get back to work."

"By cracky, I'm goin' home!" exclaimed old George, glancing uneasily around. "I don't like this place, nohow."

"You're not goin' home till you finish your job. How could you go home alone? Leed's Devil would get you, sure. We all quit at four o'clock, and I'll take you home in the wagon. Are you goin' now, Father?"

"Yes, I have a catechism class at four. Thank you for your story, Sam—it was a wonderful one! Goodbye, men."

IV.

FRIEND MARTHA STOCKFIELD'S hired girl, Hannah, was a living proof of the truth of evolution, in the opinion of Mrs. Richard Hayle. "Can't you see, Dick, that she is descended (ascended, Miss Atterbury would say) from a clothes-line prop? She looks just like one!—same shape and width, all the way up and down—same complexion—features just as expressive; a little more hair than a clothes prop, but not much! The resemblance is so striking it is positive proof her ancestors were clothes props, according to the evolutionists. Why don't you answer? Don't you see the force of the argument? At least, you'll have to admit it is just as sensible as the stuff Miss Atterbury gets off at the Literary Society."

"Just about as sensible," agreed her husband, who was trying to read.

A disinterested observer watching Hannah handling her clothes-poles, when hanging out Mrs. Stockfield's wash would probably have agreed with Mrs. Hayle. Her form was as devoid of curves as her features of expression. Her mud-colored hair was drawn into a tight knot. She was cross-eyed, which made her quite appalling by giving the impression that she was able to see around the corner. She was a maiden lady of fifty. Born and reared in Littleville, she had never wandered more than five miles from her native heath—that is to say, not for forty-three years. At the age of seven she had been taken to Philadelphia by a well-meaning young lady, as a reward for exemplary conduct in Sunday School. But as she spent the greater part of the afternoon in crying loudly to "go home to mom," the young lady (not understanding that the unaccustomed pinch of the little girl's loud-squeaking shoes was the cause of her tears) was dis-

couraged from further attempts to introduce her to the great world beyond Littleville. "I don't like the city, nohow," Hannah was accustomed to remark. "This here town's good enough for me." She was a conscientious Methodist of the old fashioned type, common in the rural districts in the Victorian Age, and by no means extinct yet. She despised the frivolities of the world, never failed to respond "Amen!" and "Glory to God!" in prayer meeting, and hated the Scarlet Woman and all her works. When the little Catholic church was built, Hannah breathed out threatenings and slaughter in a manner worthy of Saul of Tarsus himself. She happened to look in the door one day just as the statues of the Holy Family were being placed. Filled with unaffected and conscientious horror, she reported to Mrs. Stockfield, "Them heathen Catholics has got three idols in that there place!"

One bright Monday morning, Hannah and her clothes props were engaged in unfurling to the breeze the Stockfield undergarments fresh from the washtub. Hannah's long bony fingers deftly manipulated her clothes-pins. She was oblivious to the sparkling allurements of the May morning. Above her,

"In crystal vapor everywhere
Blue isles of heaven laughed between—"

but glancing up at those celestial gateways, she murmured, "Looks like it might be a good dryin' day!" The morning glories that draped the high broad fence with their rainbow tapestry offered her their jeweled cups in vain. Her long flat feet crushed the bright faces of the dandelions that starred the grass. A cat-bird in the boughs of the apple tree poured out his love song in enchanting ripples of ecstasy, but Hannah was deaf to his call.

SUDDENLY an alien voice was lifted beyond the vine-clad wall that divided the Stockfield estate from the garden of the Catholic rectory.

"When firrst I saw swate Paeg-gy
'Twas on a mar-rket day"—

carolled the voice, with many trills and quavers that fairly rivalled the cat bird. Hannah dropped her clothes pins and strode to the fence. Pushing the delicate faces of the morning glories rudely aside, and applying her eye (the straight one) to a hole in the boards, she saw the house-keeper of the rectory hanging out clothes, surrounded by a happy family of chickens. In the foreground was a brilliantly coated rooster. He strutted insolently toward the fence, evidently

THE † SIGN

planning a raid upon the Quaker stronghold. Suddenly a strident sound smote the air, and the rooster and "Sweet Peggy" were both put to flight. It was the voice of Hannah—harsh, rapid, monotonous:—"like a mowing machine" James, the hired man, once remarked.

"Say, you gotta right to keep that there rooster outer this here yard!" whirred the mowing machine, without pause or inflection.

"In-dade!" was the response from the other side of the fence. The simple word was a scorching volcano of scorn. Mary's fierce blue eyes glared defiance into the hard gray eye of her foe. The hole fortunately was not large enough for more active hostilities; but the torrent of fiery invective that flowed through the convenient aperture from the Catholic to the Quaker side of the fence, and back again, would have made the poison gas of modern warfare seem like balmy breezes in comparison.

As both ladies talked at once without the slightest attention to the remarks of the other, the exact nature of the exchange of compliments cannot be recorded. But Irish oratory on the one side against the mowing machine on the other, created such a volume of sound that an appreciative audience gathered at the rectory gate; and Friend Stockfield, approaching from the mansion, sternly ordered Hannah to desist. "Thee is disgracing my house and thy religion by getting into a quarrel with our neighbors," he said. "Don't let me hear of thee speaking to that woman again." Hannah reluctantly returned to her clothes line, shouting something about "heathen Catholics what can't talk no kind of English."

"**M**ARY," said Father McSooy, "I want you to take a drive with me this afternoon. You know Friend Stockfield has kindly offered to loan me his horse and buggy whenever I need them. Today I have an errand up in the Pines, and I want your help."

"Sure, me blissid bye, ye'll have me hilp whenever ye want it" replied the old housekeeper. "It's mesilf that's taken care of ye these many years ever since your darlin' mother died. What's the irrand?"

"I'll tell you while we're driving. I haven't time now. I'm going into the church for an hour."

On the way to the Pines Father McSooy told his foster mother the story of Kate Carney and her daughter, omitting, however, their supposed relationship to the Jersey Devil.

"Kate was baptized a Catholic. I must try to see her and her daughter. I want your help, too. I've spent hours begging the Blessed Mother to save them!"

"Sure, then, why don't ye lave it to her? Don't ye think she knows her own business?"

THE PRIEST smiled. "The Blessed Mother wants us to help, too. This is the road. Isn't it beautiful? I only hope I can find the house. Mike Mulhaney described it to me. Will you hold the reins while I say my beads? Jonathon won't run away."

There was silence on the forest road, broken only by the slow tread of the horse, the whispering of the trees and the music of the birds. Suddenly Mary said, "There's a house."

An opening in the wood showed a tiny cottage surrounded by a blaze of summer flowers—a vegetable garden and chicken yard at the back—all in perfect order and scrupulously neat. But the doors and windows were closed.

"They're not at home," said Mary, as the buggy drew up at the gate.

Father McSooy went to the front door, and knocked long and loudly. Then he went to the back door and knocked—but there was no sign of life from within. The house was locked and deserted.

"O, Mother Mary! Why don't you help me out?" sighed the priest. Then he drew from his pocket a miraculous medal of the Blessed Virgin, attached to a blue ribbon. He hung it on a syringa bush by the door. As he drove away he looked back at the house of infamy. The sun shone full upon the silver medal, so that it sparkled like a diamond among the white blossoms. It seemed to the priest that its sublime message radiated forth upon the fragrant air—"O, Mary, conceived without sin; pray for us who have recourse to thee!"

Father McSooy drove home by way of Barwell's Mills. It was a grass-grown road full of ruts, while the low branches of the trees constantly struck the carriage.

Jonathon expressed his disapproval by snorting and throwing up his head. Mary remarked, "How still it is. All the little birruds have stopped singing."

"So they have. And as this is Sunday, we don't hear the saw mill. Hello, Jonathon, what's the matter now?"

The horse had stopped short. Before them, some fifty yards away, was the Old Mill. Mary looked at it incuriously; she had never heard its

THE † SIGN

story. Father McSooy jerked the reins and cracked the whip. Jonathon put back his ears, planted his feet and remained immovable.

"This is a nice situation. Mr. Stockfield never told me the old nag would balk. Perhaps there's something wrong with the harness. Please hold the reins, Mary."

Father McSooy climbed out and went to the horse's head.

"Why Mary, the poor old boy is all sweaty and trembling. Do you suppose he is sick? Perhaps something is hurting him." While the priest was anxiously examining the harness, Mary suddenly asked: "Who lives there, Father?"

Father McSooy looked at her in surprise. "Lives where?"

Mary silently pointed to the Old Mill. The priest looked steadily at her.

"What do you mean, Mary? Can't you see that is a ruin? Of course no one lives there."

"Sure some one is there. A lady stood in the door just now looking at us. Thin she turned around and went in."

The priest stood as if rooted to the ground, and the color faded from his face. "What did she look like, Mary?"

"She was a tall, beautiful lady with long, black hair. She wasn't no Pine woman. She was dressed real old-fashioned and queer."

Father McSooy felt his flesh creep. But he

was of the Irish-English ancestry and that combination knows not the meaning of cowardice.

"I'm going in there, Mary. I want to see that lady. Please hold the reins tight until I come back."

HE TOOK his crucifix and a bottle of holy water from his pocket, and a few quick strides brought him to the Old Mill. Making the sign of the cross before him, he entered the door.

Mary waited five minutes or more, sitting motionless, grasping the reins and looking steadily at the Haunted Mill. At last Father McSooy came out. He was pale, and the hand that held the crucifix trembled, but his eyes were steady and serene.

"There is no living creature there, Mary. I searched the place thoroughly."

Mary looked her astonishment. "Sure, I saw her with me own two eyes, just as I see you now, Feyther." Suddenly she paused, as a singular look, not of terror, but of awe, crossed her rugged features.

To the Celtic peasant the supernatural is more real, more natural, than the material world of sense. Father McSooy took the horse's head and turned him into another road leading to the village. The priest and the old woman saw the Haunted Mill looming dark against the golden glow of the sunset sky. Then Jonathon started off at a brisk trot along the homeward road.

Broken Wings

By HUGH F. BLUNT, LL.D.

Poor bird with broken wing,
That sees its sky,
And knows 'twill no more sing,
And no more fly.

Poor soul that once had sought
To reach the Sun;
Now in the sin-snares caught—
And song is done.

Our Lady of Pity

(Continued from page 611)

on her "our life, our sweetness and our hope." No maiden, carrying a precious treasure in an earthen vessel, can doubt but that there is a safe and sure refuge in this Tower of Ivory. No youth, beset and harassed by the enemies of holy virtue, can be conquered if he flies to this Tower of David, there to find "all the armor of valiant men." Timid and fearful souls, who even shrink from the dazzling brightness of the Immaculate Virgin, will find that Mary on Calvary is, in truth, an "Amiable, an Admirable Mother."

Those who stand in doubt and perplexity before the confusing cross-roads of life, can, for the asking, have guidance and direction from the "Seat of Wisdom," "the Mother of Good Counsel." She is "our tainted nature's solitary boast," but in all the miseries that resulted from that original guilt, she is also "the Cause of our Joy."

And all this follows inevitably on the melancholy but infallible Word: "There stood by the Cross of Jesus, His Mother . . . When Jesus, therefore, had seen His Mother and the disciple standing whom He loved, He said to His Mother: 'Woman, behold thy Son.' After that, He saith to the disciple: 'Behold thy mother.'" (JOHN 19/25, 26.)

Archconfraternity Comment

(Intention of the Archconfraternity of the Sacred Passion for May, 1927)

THE Intention of the Archconfraternity will remain "our Missionaries in China" until our priests and nuns are out of danger.

LAY APOSTOLATE

Last month we saw what we must know about our own Faith in order to try to bring some soul into the Church. Now, besides knowing something of the truth and beauty of our Faith as a preparation for our work, we must also know something of the religious position of those outside, so that we may be able to meet them understandingly and sympathetically. Here we shall speak only of working with those non-Catholics who are generally called Protestants. And, of course, we must remember that we shall not speak of individual Protestants, but only of the religious systems of belief that come under the name of Protestantism.

God knows and we know that some Protestants could put many Catholics to shame by their lives; but this is simply because they are living out Catholic teaching without realizing it. After all, their own forefathers, a few generations ago, if Christians at all, must have been Catholics. We are trying simply to bring them back to the Faith of their Fathers and to the arms of our Blessed Lord Himself, Who lives with us today just as He lived with their own forefathers through the centuries.

Outside the Church in this country are one hundred million souls generally called Protestants although only forty millions are churchgoers. We shall try to show that the Protestant system of religious belief is unreasonable as Christianity, because it is un-Christian in its origin, its teachings and its effects, while it is also unhappy as a form of Christianity because Christ Himself does not live in it.

PROTESTANTISM AS CHRISTIANITY IS UNREASONABLE

1. IN ITS ORIGIN:

Protestantism was unknown before the fifteenth century. Every Protestant denomination can be traced to some man like Luther, Calvin, Knox, etc. None can be traced even remotely to Christ or his Apostles.

2. IN ITS TEACHINGS:

The teachers of Protestantism have no authority from Christ to teach His name. They cannot trace any lawful descent from the Apostles. Nor do they teach what the Apostles taught. All teach different doctrines. And these doctrines are constantly changing. In America alone are more than one hundred and fifty varieties of Protestantism; and in each sect are as many various beliefs as there are ministers and believers, as their fundamentalist-modernist controversies demonstrate. Is it reasonable to believe that Christ can teach all these different things?

Protestant teachings rest on the un-Christian principle of PRIVATE JUDGMENT, which underlies all its doctrines. "Underlying all the issues of the Reformation was the struggle for personal liberty, the right of every man to open his own Bible, to read and interpret for himself. The goal was freedom from dictation in creed or conduct by priest or prophet." (*A Man's Religion*, by F. Smith.)

This principle of private judgment is not only un-Christian, but, indeed, is disproved by the very Bible which Protestants profess to follow. In the Old Testament we read that God chose certain prophets like Moses and dictated through them just what He wanted His chosen people to do; and when the Jews rebelled against these prophets, God punished them as rebelling against Himself. And when Christ established His Church, He did not tell His disciples to use their own private judgment, but chose His Apostles, and promised to teach through them and their priestly successors all that He wanted His followers to do. "He that hears you, hears Me, and he that despises you, despises Him that sent Me."

If we are all to judge for ourselves what we are to believe and do, what was the use of Christ coming at all? St. Peter himself, tells us, speaking of St. Paul's writings, "in which are certain things hard to be understood, which the unlearned and unstable wrest, as they do also the other Scriptures, to their own destruction." Certainly Scripture has been wrested when men can believe it teaches them private judgment, which is directly contrary to the means used by God

THE † SIGN

and His Divine Son to teach men through Their Divinely chosen representatives. The goal of Protestantism is really freedom from dictation by God. It is the way of pride and self-will. It is being good in one's own way instead of in Christ's way.

3. IN ITS EFFECTS:

The division and discord engendered by the principle of private judgment are leading many outside the Church to become disgusted with all religious practices. Already more than sixty millions of our people, more than half of our entire population, do not go to church at all. One by one, the old teachings of Christianity are going. One by one the old pagan ideas are returning. Protestantism must end logically and inevitably in paganism.

4. PROTESTANTISM IS UNHAPPY AS A FORM OF CHRISTIAN LIFE.

From the beginning, Christian life has meant living around Jesus Christ in the Blessed Sacrament of the altar. Christ promised to stay with His Church all days; and for nineteen centuries He has done so, living with us under the form of the consecrated bread and making our Churches little Palestines where we live with Him and He with us. Protestantism gives us a church without Christ, a religion centered not around Him, but around a preacher or a social service. For Protestantism, as far as this world is concerned, Christ is dead.

Summing up, then, what we must know about our own Faith and the religious beliefs outside, as a preparation for the work of the lay apostolate, we see that it is reasonable to believe:

1. Christ is God.
2. Christ established a Church upon His Apostles, promising to teach through them and their successors and to live with them all days.

3. The successors of the Apostles are the Pope and bishops and priests of the Catholic Church. They teach what the Apostles taught. They have Christ Himself living upon their altars.

4. We must admit that the Catholic Church is the Church of Jesus Christ or we are faced by the fact that Christianity itself is false, because if it took fifteen hundred years to discover that Christ did not teach through the successors of the Apostles, and that He did not live in the Catholic Church, but that all the Christians of the first fifteen centuries had been worshipping a piece of bread, then Christianity is the biggest hoax in all history, and we had best go back to paganism. But if Christ does live with His Church, as he promised to do, then why not come back to Him?

Protestants, then, are faced by the dilemma of admitting that the Catholic Church is the Church of Christ or giving up Christianity itself. The one big thing we must continually try to bring home to those outside is the abiding presence of Christ with us, and that we are not trying to bring them to any Pope or bishop or priest, but to our Blessed Lord Himself. As Cardinal Newman said, "Our Lord's Presence in the Eucharist is the Church's greatest possession and the joy of every soul. It is that which renders the Catholic Church supremely attractive to all that is best outside her fold. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, what brings a Protestant back to the faith of their fathers is nothing else but an intense longing for that intimate union with the "Shepherd and Bishop of our souls," which is rendered possible even in this life in the Sacrament which was devised by His wisdom, prompted by His love and realized by His omnipotence."

Would you care to bring one soul into the Church? We shall try to show you how you may do it. What is required is that you have an intelligent grasp of your Faith and know how to present it to others. We shall be glad to print any comments or answer any questions in connection with this subject. Address the REV. MODERATOR, C.P., care of THE SIGN, UNION CITY, N. J. This is the second article of a series telling what we need to know as a preparation for the work of attracting others into the Church.

THE ARCHCONFRATERNITY OF THE SACRED PASSION

The Archconfraternity of the Sacred Passion has been generously enriched with indulgences for the living and the dead. The only essential condition for membership is to have one's name registered. There are three degrees of membership. **FIRST DEGREE** Members make daily Five Offerings of the Precious Blood in honor of the Five Wounds of Christ. **SECOND DEGREE** Members make the Stations of the Cross once a week, besides saying the prayers of the First Degree. **THIRD DEGREE** Members make five to ten minutes Meditation daily on the Passion besides saying the prayers of the First and Second Degrees. The **SPIRITUAL ACTIVITY** of the Archconfraternity consists in a **CRUSADE OF PRAYERS** and **GOOD WORKS** for missionary work at home and in China. Membership will increase your personal devotion to Christ Crucified. Send your name for enrollment to THE SIGN, Union City, N. J.

OUR JUNIOR READERS



First Communion

By FREDERIC CORCORAN

Little lady all in white,
On thy face a radiant light,
More of Heaven than of earth;
Innocence has this rich worth,
That it brings to the heart of thee
The beautiful God in livery
Very frail and very small
Veiling Him Who is thine All!

On this sacred, solemn day
Unto Jesus humbly pray,
"Grant to me this precious grace,
Make my heart Thy dwelling place;
Let us live together—hence,
You—and I—and Innocence!"

Daddy Sen Fu's Own

MY DEAR LITTLE MISSIONARIES:

DURING the past month I have been very busy receiving letters from many of you. I know that you would all like to know more about Tiny and Smiles, and some of you have even remembered poor old Bobby. Well, these Bobby Mite Boxes are all fine fellows and I like them all. I only wish I could tell you all about each one of them.

Do you remember, Juniors, that when I told you the story of Old Bobby, I spoke about a little girl named Mary, who lived in the West? Do you remember how she collected ten big dollars for the Missions and said that no other Bobby could ever do what her Bobby had done. Well, it was Old Bobby who started to criticise the Bobby that Mary had. And don't you remember that it was just because Old Bobby criticised that I sent him out. Then came the big surprise. Old Bobby did make good and came home with over twenty-three dollars! Then I

sent Smiles out and you know about the hundred dollars he collected.

Well, Mary heard all about this and she sent me a nice letter which I will show you. She wrote the following:

DEAR DADDY:

I read all about Old Bobby and Smiles and Tiny and all the other Bobbies you have in your office. I like all the Bobbies, but I'll tell you, I think that my Bobby can do better than any other one. I have called my Bobby Charlie Chin, because he likes China so much he must be a Chinaman. I told Charlie all about those other fellows and we decided that we are going to do better if we could, but, at least, just as good. Of course we are going to do this just to prove to our Little Friend the Infant Jesus, how much we love the Missions.

When I told Charlie about Old Bobby I could see that he was awfully anxious to talk and I pleaded with him to say what was on his mind. But I want to tell you, Daddy, he did not break the rule. He kept silence, and I really pitied him.

Then I had to think up some way in which we could do what we had decided. Of course I did all the deciding because Charlie would not say a word. But, anyway, I started to think. And then I remembered a gold piece I had received for Christmas. When Mama gave it to me she said: "Now Mary, be careful with that, it looks like a penny but its worth five dollars." Just then I got the idea: why not save the gold pieces instead of pennies? Well, Daddy, that is what we're going to do. Save gold pieces instead of pennies, nickels and dimes.

Will you please pray that Charlie and I get that hundred dollars? I pray for the Missions every morning and night.

Good-bye, Daddy.

Your little friend, MARY

NOW, JUNIORS, when that letter arrived, I immediately read it to the Bobbies. As usual, there was a whole lot of noise. Such talking and shouting you never did hear.

Tiny came out to the front of the shelf and with a sly wink at Smiles, chuckled and said: "Daddy, where do they keep all the gold pieces after Christmas? I thought they were just Christmas toys that are put away after Christ-

THE † SIGN

mas. How can Charlie ever collect any gold pieces?"

Smiles, as happy as ever, looked at Tiny and smiled, and said: "Daddy, you know Tiny never was out much. But tell him where all the gold pieces are kept during the year. You know it might help all the Bobbies when they go out if they know where to go for the gold."

"Good idea," I said. "Wouldn't it be wonderful if every Bobby who goes out comes back with at least one gold piece?"

By this time, all the Bobbies were quiet, and listening for the big secret. "Bobbies," I said, "did you ever hear of a lazy man's load?"

"No, Daddy," they all cried at once. "Tell us about it."

"Well," I said, "a lazy man's load is a load so big that the lazy man cannot carry it so he drops it. What is the result? It never gets to the place to which he was carrying it."

"Now, that's where all the gold is. There's gold no matter where you go, but it does not always glitter. Every penny you receive is so much gold. Every nickel and dime and quarter—gold, all of it. The trouble with some of the Bobbies is that they would rather carry a single five-dollar gold piece which they get all at once than hustle to collect five hundred pennies. Of course, where there is a will there is a way. Sometimes it may be possible to collect gold pieces. But very, very few Bobbies ever live among the millionaires. Christmas gold is always changed for pennies, nickels and dimes. The people who get the gold pieces keep the nickels, dimes and pennies, but they seldom, if ever, keep the gold. It is better to collect pennies, nickels and dimes. And don't forget that you are MITE boxes and not dollar banks."

"And remember, too," I said to them, "that the babies you want to save are *little*, your Friend the Infant Jesus is *little* and why should you not be careful about the *little* coins and forget about the big ones?"

ALL OF A sudden they looked awfully disappointed. One Bobby, whom we call Chubby Mite, asked me in rather a sad tone: "Well, Daddy, we can only carry a small load and if we can collect only pennies, we can't do very much. Wouldn't it be better if we could collect gold pieces?"

"Why, of course, it would be better," I told him. "But the very best any Bobby can do is to do well that for which he was made. You were made to be a MITE box. Therefore, you

will have greater success if you try to be a good MITE box than if you try to be a gold bank. The Infant Jesus loves us best when we do just what He made us to do."

CHUBBY brightened a little after that and after hesitating a while, he asked me: "Well, don't you think that our friend Mary is good to Charlie, and that they will collect gold pieces?"

"Chubby," I said, "we made a mistake when we called you Chubby. We should have called you Professor. But I'll answer your question for you. Yes, Mary is a good girl and means to do well. She may succeed because there are exceptions to all rules. But Mary is a little girl and does not know how scarce gold pieces are. I hope she does succeed. But I am afraid that if she does not get the gold pieces, Charlie is going to be a very hungry Bobby. Nobody wants to give ice cream to a little boy who refuses to eat bread and butter."

Chubby was far from satisfied. I could see that there were still some doubts struggling to be told. But before he could say another word I thought I'd better give him a word of advice. "Look here, Chubby," I said, "let me put it very plainly. You are dressed in very poor paper. You are out begging. And beggars cannot be choosers. If you go out and become too proud to eat poor little pennies and nickels and dimes, you will starve to death. There are so few gold pieces around, that at Christmas time the people who want them, have to go to a great big bank to get them. Now, how many people are going to a bank just to get you something to eat?"

Chubby was silenced, but not convinced, and the next thing I knew I saw him whispering to our friend Smiles. There was a little excitement and I saw Tiny go over and join them. Later others wandered over to the conversation until quite a crowd had formed around Chubby, Smiles and Tiny.

"What is going on there?" I said. "'Ho, Smiles, Tiny, Chubby!'" I called. The three broke loose from the crowd and came over to me. Smiles answered for all. "Daddy," he said, "Chubby wants to bet that Mary gets the gold."

So that was it. Chubby had certainly come to like Mary and was her champion. But then I remembered that Charlie had been very popular and I think that Chubby was the pal of Charlie.

"Well, I hope she does," I said, "but now it is time for all you Bobbies to get back into your places, because all the Juniors are waiting to

THE † SIGN

hear this story. If you fellows keep on talking and arguing we'll never finish."

They are all good Bobbies, and know how to obey. Just as soon as I said that, they all became silent and I closed the door of the cupboard. As I walked away I could hear them saying their prayers for the Missions, as usual.

* * * *

Now, my dear Juniors, next month I hope I shall be able to tell you how Charlie and Mary are getting along in their gold collecting. I would like to hear from more of the Juniors. When you write tell me all about the place where you live, and all that you are doing to help the

Missions. And do not forget that we have many, many Bobbies waiting for a chance to meet you and your friends. Perhaps you could easily find a nice home for two or three Bobbies.

And, above all, do not forget to pray for the Missions. The poor priests in China are having a hard time on account of the war. We must pray to Almighty God to keep the priests and sisters from being hurt by the soldiers who are fighting the war.

Be good to your Mama and Papa because they love you a whole lot. And do not forget to be nice and polite to the good Sister who teaches you.

Your friend,
DADDY SEN FU.

A Fragrant Memory

A Blind Irish Mother Receives Communion from Her Son

By M. M. COLUMBA, S.D.C.

I was only a tourist stranger,
Seeking shelter from a shower,
But the courtesy of my hostess
Made sweet the passing hour.

She was old and blind and feeble,
But her heart was all attune
To the things of God and Heaven
And her own dear Soggarth Aroon.

And the words of that Irish Mother
In her cottage by the sea,
Still scatter a tender fragrance
Down the Halls of Memory.

"COME right in. You are very welcome. 'Tis only a Summer shower. Sit by the window so you can see the beautiful ocean. Yes, dear, I am blind, have been blind for twenty long, happy years. Lonely? No, God is very good, and, though He has taken much from me, He has given me many compensations. Praise to His Holy Name! Why, my heart is still thrilling with the joy I had yesterday when I received Holy Communion from the anointed hands of my own child!

"Tell you about it! Ah, dear, I'd like to, but I am afraid I can not make you share my joy. You see, John, my youngest child, was ordained in Dublin last Sunday. No, dear, I could not attend. Ah! yes, it was a sorrow not to be present at my son's ordination, but I knew the good God would make it up to me, and He did yesterday. I was awake before the dawn. It was the day I had long prayed for. I felt the glory of the sunrise though I could not see it. I heard the little birds singing the praises of God, and my heart was singing with them. John's thrush, this little one in the cage, was singing as if he knew what was going to happen. After a while, Mary, my daughter, came to help me and soon we were on our way to the chapel in the glen—the same little chapel where I was married and where John and Mary were baptized and where their father is laid to rest. As we passed through the churchyard, Mary led me to her father's grave, where we knelt a few moments and joined our thanksgiving with his for the grand honor which God had bestowed on our John in calling him to the priesthood. How long has my husband been dead? Twenty-five years, and the desire of his heart was that John should be a priest.

THE † SIGN

"When we entered the chapel the perfume of the roses which I knew were on the altar—roses from my husband's grave, seemed to bid us welcome. I felt that my husband was happy and with the Blessed. Our places were in the front pew, and as I heard John's step coming from the sacristy towards the Altar, my heart went a-flutter and I bowed my head on my hands in awe and delight and begged the Mother of God to stay near me.

"**Y**OU SEE, dear, all through the years while John was studying for the priesthood, I was blind and that fact seemed to draw us more closely together. He told me all his longings and ambitions and I shared in them. For the past few years the study of the Holy Mass has occupied his heart and mind and when he was home for the holidays, he often practiced the ceremonies of the Mass with me for his congregation. He explained them to me and told me what some of the Latin meant, so when I heard him say *Introibo ad Altare Dei*, I pictured the Heavens open and the throne of God surrounded by Angels and Saints in glory, among them some of our very own kith and kin. I felt they were looking down at us and I joined my poor prayer with theirs.

"Then Father John said, "Judge me, O God," and gladly I remembered that the merciful Jesus is our Judge and though He has much to forgive in me and others, John had ever been more angel than mortal. And then it was time for our *Confiteor*, and when it was said, I heard Father John putting himself in the class with the rest of us, and asking God for the full remission of our sins.

"After a minute or so I felt that he was kissing the altar stone, which contains the relics of the martyrs and I wondered if my boy, too, would one day be a martyr, for you know he is a missionary and he hopes to go to China. 'Heart-broken if he went to China?' Well, dear, now that I have a Soggarth Aroon of my own to pray for me, I shall get many graces and if the dear Lord ask that sacrifice of me, I hope I shall be ready to make it. Sure the parting will not be for very long, and Heaven is eternal.

"Then there was the *Kyrie*, and then the Angels' *Gloria* was repeated by my own child. Presently he said *Dominus vobiscum* and the words meant more to me than they ever did before. You know, dear, we say "The Lord be with you," very often here in Ireland, but I don't think we always realize the meaning of the

words. When Father John was reading the Gospel and the Credo, and we were all standing up to make our act of faith, I again pictured to myself the great white throne in Heaven and the hosts of Angels and Saints paying their homage to the one true God.

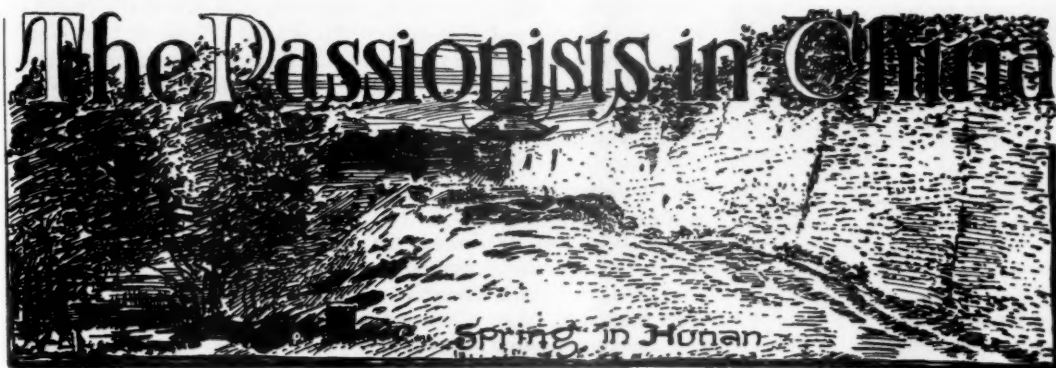
"The sound of the cruets being used reminded me that John was preparing the sacred elements. Then I felt that he was bowing down before the Holy Trinity and dedicating the bread which was to hold the Body of Christ, and I fancied I could see the Angels guarding the chalice which was soon to hold the Precious Blood. Then I remembered that John told me that when the priest mingles the water and wine he prays that we may share in the Godhead of Jesus Who shared in our manhood. Just think, dear, of what that means.

"After the beautiful prayers of the *Lavabo* fell on my ears and John had gone back to the middle of the Altar, I knew that he was imploring the Holy Trinity to accept the oblation he was making in memory of Our Lord and that he was beseeching the Saints in Heaven to pray for us. Then he turned and asked us to pray that our sacrifice would be pleasing to God Almighty.

My feelings from the Preface to the Consecration and Elevation I could never describe. It is a wonder I did not die of joy at the thought of the marvellous miracle that Almighty God was performing through the hands of his priest and that priest my own child. Oh! I tried to adore and thank the dear Lord for all His love and mercy and I asked His Mother to help me, and before I expected, the words *Domine non sum dignus* were said and Mary was leading me up to the Altar rails. I could only trust my preparation for Holy Communion to our Blessed Mother. Then Father John gave us absolution and told us to behold the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world. But, dear, I could never, never tell of the joy in my heart when my child gave me Holy Communion. The moments after that were more of Heaven than earth—in fact, since then, Heaven has been very real to me.

The Bishop has given Father John leave to say Holy Mass in this very house tomorrow and I hope I shall not die of joy before the end of it.

THE shower was over. I thanked my hostess and went my way with her "God be with you" making melody in my heart. The Holy Mass has meant more to me since that day, and of all the happy incidents of my visits to Ireland in a Summer long gone by, this one holds the most uplifting memory.



The Mission Situation in China

As Reflected in Letters of the Missionaries

THE following letters while antedating letters that have already appeared in the April edition of *THE SIGN* will prove not only edifying to the many friends of the Missionaries but will likewise serve to clarify news and opinions expressed in letters already published.

These letters are for the most part written by Fr. Cuthbert O'Gara, C.P., acting Superior of our Mission in Shenchow. They are addressed to the Rt. Rev. Dominic Langenbacher, C.P., D.D., Prefect Apostolic of the Prefecture of Shenchow, in which is situated all the Passionist Missions in China.

Early in January the Rt. Rev. Monsignor, together with the Sisters of St. Joseph, set out from our Mission in Shenchow in order to reach the Mission to which this new band of Sisters had been assigned—Yuanchow. Readers of *THE SIGN* will doubtless recall that these good Sisters had a most perilous journey from Shanghai to Shenchow. It was with the hope of securing a greater measure of safety for the nuns that the superiors decided

to have them set out immediately for Yuanchow. Time alone will tell whether they are safer at Yuanchow than they would have been at Shenchow. It is noteworthy that according to the fol-

lowing letter Yuanchow is still considered the safest place in our Prefecture.

In this first letter Father Cuthbert informs the Monsignor: "We have practically no money." In explanation of this condition it should be noted that all money must reach the Missions in the interior through our Procuration office in Hankow. This condition exists owing to the fact that checks, etc., cannot be cashed in the interior and must, therefore, be forwarded to the city of Hankow. At the time this letter was written all communication with Hankow had been cut off.

Shenchow, Saturday,
January 15, 1927.

Rt. Rev. & Dear Prefect:

I wish I could write you a very long letter tonight, but the stress of the past few days makes this impossible. There was a calm for some time after your departure, and then things began to happen. Father Paul Ubinger, C.P., had gone on a week's trip to Wuki. At that time there was no trouble in sight. As soon as the letter came to the school demanding that the children parti-



A FAMISHED BOY

who has just received his bowl of rice. Note fences that were erected in an attempt to keep order in the crowds. One way traffic was imperative. (Shenchow Mission.)

THE † SIGN



A HUNGRY CRIPPLE

who came daily for his portion of rice during the famine. China being devoid of native hospitals in the interior and lacking the services of a modern physician, knows thousands of such cripples.

cipate in the demonstration in honor of the Cantonese, I realized the seriousness of the situation.

I would have written before—was several times on the point of doing so—but I never had the time, or was too fagged out to concentrate on correspondence. Then today, when conditions grew worse and became almost alarming, I thought that all the Fathers ought to be informed without delay of what may be expected as the wave sweeps westward. So I set down, in brief, a bulletin of our present situation. It gives in few words how we stand. To save time and energy I enclose a copy of the same with this letter to your Paternity. It is now one A. M. and the Fathers are busy typing the letters which I will send out today. There are many details I have either intentionally or by oversight omitted.

For the personal safety of the Fathers, Sisters and Christians, I scarcely know what to think. Certainly the next few days will tell the tale. The Christians themselves are much worried about the Sisters, but, really what can be done with them? It is scarcely possible to find a boat, and if one could be found, the dangers of the road, unprotected, are very great, and Changteh is seething. Some of the Christians can take to the country, others to the hills, if need be, but our orphans, especially the baptized ones . . . ?

The move of the Cantonese is to do away with all *organized* Mission work. Christians may, if they choose, go to church. But they may not be forced in any way. They cannot be led there in any line or in bodies. Hence, the women's catechumenate will cease to exist, our boys on the hill, etc., will all be dispersed.

We have practically no money. I shall see to it at once that the sacred vessels are safely hidden against possible looting. These perhaps might be carried into the country where they would be safer than in our own property. A couple of Mass kits will be got in readiness, and, if need be, hidden where they can later be reached.

Have no fears for us. We are unafraid. If the attack on Religion comes and our Christians are forced to superstitious practices or to renounce their Religion, then will be the time for action, hard, dangerous, but at last the way will be clear. For the past few days the torture has been to square principle with present conduct and justify a mode of action when all sources of information and our own premonitions loudly cried out that there was danger lurking at every step.

The great difficulty in meeting

this situation lies in the fact that the attack, at least at first, is not directly against Religion, but professes to be merely civil, while all the time one knows that a strong anti-religious spirit is urging on the agitators.

I realize the grave responsibility in which I have been placed by your absence and I have tried to do the best I could. May God's grace protect us and give us strength and courage in the day of trial. Perhaps it was almost too much to expect that our beautiful little Community should long continue. It was too good to last. However, short as the time has been, it has been an immense source of inspiration and consolation. It is now almost two A. M. The typewriters are still running. If I do not retire now, I shall be unfit for the rest of the day and there is much to see to.

It was good news to hear of your safe arrival in Yuanchow.



A POOR BLIND MAN

Owing to unsanitary habits, blindness is very common in China. This poor blind beggar came daily to Shenchow Mission for rice.

THE † SIGN

We pray so fervently that the present wave of bigotry may not disturb you where you are. We are having a novena of Masses here for our deliverance from this present stress. Remember us to all our Brethren and to the Sisters in Yuanchow. Ask for their prayers. You will hear from me again soon.—CUTHBERT O'GARA, C.P.

THE next letter by Fr. Cuthbert was sent on the same day some hours later. In it is shown most clearly the rapid pace with which the march of events proceeds. We have a glance here of the first real crisis.

One can readily appreciate the gravity of the situation from Fr. Cuthbert's words: "I am inclined to think that the procedure against us will be to starve us out—the siege won't last long." Without funds in the midst of an infuriated populace it is not hard for us to understand how easily this plan of the Reds could be successfully affected.

Shenchow, Saturday,
January 15, 1927,
11:45 P. M.

Rt. Rev. & Dear Prefect:

Since mailing my letter this morning the wave of anti-foreignism and anti-Christianity has been steadily gathering momentum. All my premonitions, which caused me to hesitate in permitting the Christians to participate in tomorrow's parade, have been verified. There is public preaching of Bolshevism and anti-Christianity along the streets. Right in front of our gates there were several orators today. One extolled Russia for all that she was doing for China. The others berated Christianity in a most blasphemous manner, saying that "Jesus died on a cross, was now dead and could do nothing. He was killed once so He could be killed again." This afternoon the entire street before the Mission was lined with inflammatory posters, posted on both sides of the street and on the walls of this

Mission. They carried legends such as these: "Down with Christianity!" "Don't Read the Old and New Testaments!" "Don't Observe *Li-Pai*!" "Don't Kneel Down in Church!"

Every man in the Mission, with the exception of those who are cooking the rice for the Chinese, must walk in the parade. They have their badge, every man's name is written and places are assigned.

The seminarians are a source of much danger to the Missions. It was unthinkable that they walk and hear and see the things that must inevitably take place. To keep them in was dangerous for both them and us, for should they be discovered in the house, anything might happen. They would unquestionably be beaten up. Thousands of clubs have been made for the parade, and any number of high fool's caps with the characteristic *mai-kwa-tsa* and *wang-kwa-liu*. Francis, were he here, would have to walk. If



HIS EXCELLENCY, MGR. CELSUS CONSTANTINI, THE APOSTOLIC DELEGATE TO CHINA, WITH THE SIX NEWLY-CONSECRATED NATIVE BISHOPS.

To the extreme right is shown Bishop Odoric Tcheng, O.F.M., Vicar Apostolic of Puchi in the Province of Hupeh. Bishop Tcheng recently paid a visit to the offices of THE SIGN and assured us of his deep interest in our Missionaries.

THE † SIGN



OPIMUM, MAH-JONG AND FORTUNE-TELLING ARE ALL HOBBIES OF THE CHINESE.

Opium is used in large quantities and in many cases is the cause of dire poverty. To the right is shown an opium pipe and a set of Mah-Jong players. On the left is shown a typical fortune-teller plying his trade outside a shop on a busy thoroughfare.

he did not, he would be spotted. So something radical has to be done. I have just decided to call the seminarians at four tomorrow morning, say Mass for them, and send them off before daylight with Francis to Wuki. They will live in his house. Fr. Dunstan can keep an eye on them. Wuki, being so far from the public roads, is about the safest place around here. This is the beginning of the persecution against us.

Sister Finan said it was very touching this morning at the breaking up of the women's catechumenate—the Christians needing no urging to offer hospitality to such as had no homes and could not at once set out. We have only the very young girls left and the old women.

Tonight we have packed up the sacred vessels in Chinese boxes, and these will be put into hiding outside the Mission. Several Mass kits are in readiness. Tomorrow the Blessed Sacrament will be kept in only one place—the church. The Sisters' chapel will be closed.

Indeed, tomorrow will be the fatal day for the Shenchow Mission. Please God, the storm may blow over, but anything can hap-

pen, and we are ready—ready to suffer for the cause. I am most anxious about the Sisters. But nothing can be done. A Father or two will be on guard all day tomorrow in the different departments of the Mission—schools, catechumenates, convent.

The young priests are bearing up splendidly and are prepared for anything. There has not been a word of doubt or regret expressed. All are animated with the spirit of complete sacrifice, and of immolation, too, if such be required.

Fr. Agatho Purtill has a boat engaged, but he could not get it down. So he does not leave tomorrow. This may be a good thing, for tomorrow night we may be better able to judge the temper of the city.

I am inclined to think that the procedure against us will be to starve us out. This will be done by calling out all our servants and boycotting us on the street. If they do this, the siege won't last long.

I have written to Wangtsun and to Paotsing in the hope of reaching Fr. Jeremiah McNamara before he leaves. There is nothing to be gained by his coming here in the midst of our

trouble, when we are without funds and when it will be difficult to find a boat to Chenki.

I had only a few hours sleep last night and none today. As it is already going on one o'clock and I must rise at four, I close with urgent plea for prayers.—CUTHBERT O'GARA, C.P.

* * *

THE next letter was written eight hours later. In it we are told of the departure of the seminarians and the closing of the girls' catechumenate. The confidence of the Christians in the Senn Fu is strengthened by the fact that the Senn Fu did not exaggerate the true spirit of the Cantonese propaganda. Fr. Cuthbert at the time of this writing had slept but four hours in three days. Yet, fagged out as he is, he assures the Monsignor that "A beautiful peace reigns in both Communities."

Shenchow, Sunday,
January 16, 1927, 10:15 A. M.
Rt. Rev. & Dear Prefect:

All the seminarians rose at four this morning. We had Mass and then in the darkness they made off for Wuki with Li Francis. They will stay in his house. We had the parish prayers and

THE † SIGN

Mass at six-thirty. Fr. Agatho Purtill preached the Christians a very fine sermon.

There is a much better spirit among the Christians since the propaganda is in the open. It has become apparent to everyone that we knew what we were warning them about.

The girls' catechumenate is entirely cleaned out. Some of the older people went off to friends and relatives for the day. Such as remain of both schools are walking—no one is left in the Mission except the old cooks who are cooking rice for the Chinese.

There are all sorts of wild rumors on the streets about their coming to do us violence. I have been over to the Sisters. They are calm and resigned. Only the little orphans remain behind and a few old women.

The situation is tense. We have lost much sleep owing to the stress of times. But a beautiful peace reigns in both Communities and a prayerful, confident trust in the abiding protection of Providence sustains us.—CUTHBERT O'GARA, C.P.

DURING the night Fr. Cuthbert sent a telegram to the Monsignor assuring him that no one

had suffered personal injury. In the letter he writes on the following day we are given a glimpse of the growing anxiety of the Fathers concerning the safety of the Sisters. He is anxious to secure a place of safety and wires down-river for information concerning conditions. The answer is not reassuring and only adds to the perplexity of the situation.

Shenchow, Tuesday,
January 18, 1927.

Rt. Rev. & Dear Prefect:

Last night I sent your Paternity the following telegram: "So far no injury or violence—conditions still most grave." This was dispatched to forestall the anxiety which my letter of Friday last would cause you, and at the same time to let you know that our situation is most precarious.

I had been hoping that the Augustinians would write, letting us know how it was with them and I was on the look-out for a letter. I telegraphed last evening to Changteh to inquire as to the possibility of sending the Sisters down-river. The Sisters are the source of our greatest anxiety. Were it not for them we would care little. If the worst comes to the worst, we priests could stand our ground or take to the hills.

But the Sisters . . . ?

Our defense is General Tsen Yu Mou. Had he not been in the city we would now be either dead or in flight and the Missions in ruins. How long will he remain?

The way down-river is none too safe. On the other hand, if the Sisters were to leave their Compound I feel certain the Chinese would immediately take it over. They would then be right beside us. We would not be able to dislodge them. The giving up of the Sisters' Compound is the first step in surrounding us all along the line. Am I justified in allowing them to run such risks? I have discussed the matter with Fathers Agatho Purtill and William Westhoven and all the other Fathers here. Our discussion has helped to clarify the situation in our minds. We all feel the same way, but I hesitate needlessly to precipitate so serious a decision. We are trying to watch events, but the Chinese, whether from our reticence or otherwise, are loathe to speak much.

As to our yearly Retreat—I have just been talking over the situation with Fr. Agatho. He intends to leave by boat for Yungshun this afternoon. He thinks as I do, that the Retreat



PRIMITIVE TRAVEL OFTEN CALLS FOR HARDSHIPS THAT WE CANNOT ADEQUATELY APPRECIATE IN VIEW OF OUR OWN UNLIMITED FACILITIES.

The Missionary in China starts on a journey that might well mean two to ten days in the saddle. In the above picture is shown Father Theophane Maguire, C.P. (right) and Father Dunstan Thomas, C.P. (left), all set for a return journey to their respective Missions. Father Theophane faces a long, tedious journey of seven or eight days. Note the carriers who accompany him. Father Dunstan will reach his Mission in two days.

THE † SIGN

ought to be indefinitely postponed. I think it would be most imprudent to gather all the priests in centers and for almost two weeks remove them from sources of information. Besides, the times do not warrant the Missions being left alone. It seems to me that our policy now is, watchful, prayerful supervision of the stations and the Missions.

The health of our entire Community is excellent. Were it not for the Sisters we would not be nursing apprehension. As it is we are peaceful and jolly. The Lord has been good to us indeed.

—CUTHBERT O'GARA, C.P.

HAVING asked for the opinion of the Rt. Rev. Monsignor regarding the transfer of the Sisters, Fr. Cuthbert passed five days anxiously awaiting the answer. Meantime, the situation continued to grow more serious. In the following letter Fr. Cuthbert gives us a very good idea of the real program of the Cantonese. Personal safety is no longer the only issue, but the future of the Church in China is now threatened.

Shenchow, Monday,
January 24th, 1927.

Rt. Rev. & Dear Prefect:

I received your telegram yesterday morning wherein you authorized me to make whatever provisions seem necessary for the safety of the Sisters. Your generous confidence is much appreciated and to some extent relieves the strain under which I have labored on their account. They are quite resigned and ready to do anything they are asked to do. They have packed up their valuables and have secured Chinese clothes for use in emergency.

It seemed to me yesterday that conditions had improved, at least with regard to proximate violence to the Mission. A Kao-Si of General Chiang Kai-shek ap-

peared on the streets in which he purports to deprecate the lengths to which the propagandists have gone in many cases and protests that such a manner of action is not in accord with the Cantonese program. There are other ways. Besides, the government may have to make good the losses.

This may serve as a check on the fanaticism of the agitators.



SOME OF THE BOYS FROM FATHER THEOPHANE'S MISSION

Father Theophane writes: "These boys often enough have me up a tree. They are quick and intelligent and seldom do I succeed in treeing them as I have done in this instance."

But yesterday there also arrived the Cantonese regulations for all schools. These regulations are such as to paralyze all our Mission efforts in many departments. I hope to secure a complete copy of them today and to study them thoroughly. Chiang's summary of them runs something like this: Sun Yat Sen's picture must be hung up in all the schools: Religion in all the schools is to be elective; the Cantonese Doctrine must be taught: all teachers must be engaged through the Central Board; no teacher may be dismissed except through this Central Board.

No wonder the schools closed down-river. But what about our

Mission dependents—if we teach them, we have a school. What of our orphans, especially our baptized ones? Under these regulations we would be unable to teach them. What of the seminary? These regulations at one stroke practically nullify all the work of the *Holy Childhood*. How can we baptize infants, if we cannot provide for their Christian up-

bringing? We have now passed into a new phase of the struggle. Of course the property loss and all that, is a very serious thing.

The Protestants, so far, are taking things coolly and are not excited over the Consul's letter. We, at this Mission, just about come under that category mentioned in his letter for whom travelling is more dangerous than remaining.

I telegraphed Fr. Nicanor at Changteh some days ago as to the possibility of our Sisters reaching Hankow. He replied, "Very few steamers leaving for Hankow." The Lichow Sisters are in the mountains. — CUTHBERT O'GARA, C.P.

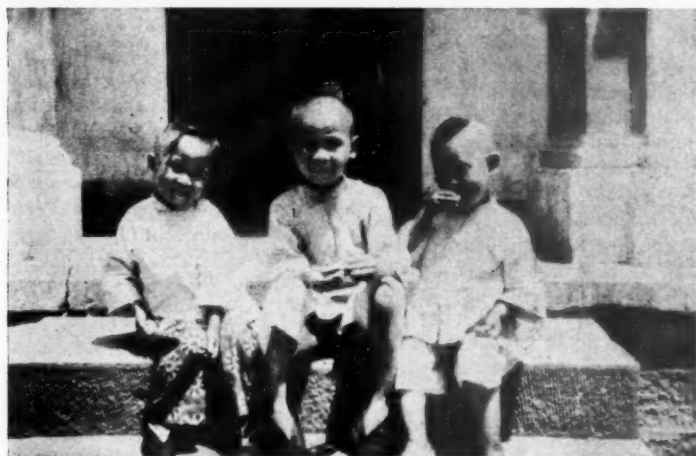
THE † SIGN

OUR next communication is a letter from Monsignor Dominic Langenbacher, C.P. It is addressed to our Very Rev. Fr. Provincial at St. Michael's Monastery, Union City, N. J., and was mailed from our Mission in Yuanchow. In it we are given an explanation of the departure of Frs. Flavian Mullins, C.P., and Godfrey Holbein, C.P., from

our young Mission. I take for granted that your Paternity is getting first-hand news direct from Shenchow and possibly from Hankow concerning conditions obtaining further down the river from us. Fr. Cuthbert, in conjunction with the Fathers at Shenchow, is keeping the whole Mission informed as to the progress of events which are far from

actual brunt of difficulties at Shenchow, for before the fuss started I came up here to Yuanchow to show the Sisters of St. Joseph to their future home, to give Confirmation throughout the middle and southern districts of our territory and to go over the business of the Mission with our priests in these parts. Now, together with the other Missionaries here I am locked in these parts when I should much prefer to be with out priests in Shenchow than to hear of their trials there and be unable to give a helping hand.

The situation is growing daily and hourly worse. It seems to me that before many days all our Prefecture will be in the turmoil. Tonight we are trying in desperation and as a last resource to get in touch with Shenchow by military telephone, for two days ago Fr. Cuthbert wired us that the American Consul had sent two telegrams asking us to evacuate Hunan. The Sisters, Fr. Cuthbert informed me, were then preparing to leave Shenchow. Not knowing what was behind the Consul's advice we are waiting to learn this before we take such a momentous step as giving up the Mission . . . The Red propaganda is directed against Religion and the Church and surely if we want our new Christians to be faithful in the midst of their great trial we must share it with them. If the Sisters do leave Shenchow it will only be on account of their not being absolutely essential. The same can be said concerning the four young priests who recently arrived from the States. Moreover, it is in accord with the previous advice from the American Consul, that the personnel not essential to the work of the Mission should be the first to leave. As a matter of fact it is no easy matter for any of us to leave, for



THREE CHOSEN ONES

These children are all blessed with pious Catholic parents. The father of two of them is a missionary catechist, and has been the means of baptizing many tiny waifs who have been safely garnered in the Lord's Kingdom. In many cases the missionary must depend upon his catechist to keep alive the Faith in the hearts of the converts until circumstances make it possible for him to return to the outlying missions in which they reside. Often it would be impossible to make progress without the invaluable aid of a good catechist.

their Mission in Supu. Their flight took place with the advice of the General and the Magistrate and it was advised not only for the personal safety of the Missionaries but particularly for the common good of the many Christians whose very lives were threatened in consequence of the continued presence of the Missionaries. We quote from the letter as follows:

Yuanchow,
January 31, 1927.

Dear Father Provincial:

These days are surely trying days, but days of great grace for

cheerful as this world goes. I feel very sorry for the priests and the Sisters, and what makes the sorrow worse here is the impossibility of assisting them in any way except by earnest prayers. Yet, the Missions of others have been far worse hit than our own. Likely enough we are coming in for our own greater share of it. And may our dear Lord and His Mother find us all worthy should it be God's will that we share their sorrows and sufferings for God's greater blessing on the Missions.

Poor Father Cuthbert, with Fr. Paul Ubinger, must bear the

THE † SIGN

now, besides the usual fear of bandits there is the added difficulty of securing military protection. Besides this there is the ever-present possibility of flying into the nests of Red propaganda.

In case the Consul's advice is not based on the supposition of war, we could possibly save ourselves by going further into the interior, into Kweichow. There the Bolshevik influence has not yet penetrated. However, we could hardly do that on the supposition of war. So it looks pretty much as though we will stay where we are and see the matter through. God and His Mother will take care of us. . . . There is not one amongst us who is not willing to give his all for Christ's Cause.

Owing to the fierceness of the revolution in the Supu district, which on account of its nearness to Changsha was very hard pressed, Fathers Flavian and

Godfrey, on the advice of the General in charge as well as the local Magistrate, fled to the hills where they are in hiding with a Chinese priest. . . . This happened on the 20th instant. Until now I have no further news of them. . . . The Bolsheviks are openly associated with the Southern Government and although these, as some protest, along with arms, ammunition and money, do not want the "World Revolution," they cannot have the former without the latter being at the same time thrust upon them. The program has now been started but no one can tell where it will end. . . . For here, too, along with all the alarming reports that come to us we hear every now and again that the tide has been stemmed and possibly things may still be righted. Thanks be to God and His Mother should events turn out so fortunately. In any event we

are prepared for the opposite.—
DOMINIC LANGENBACHER, C.P.

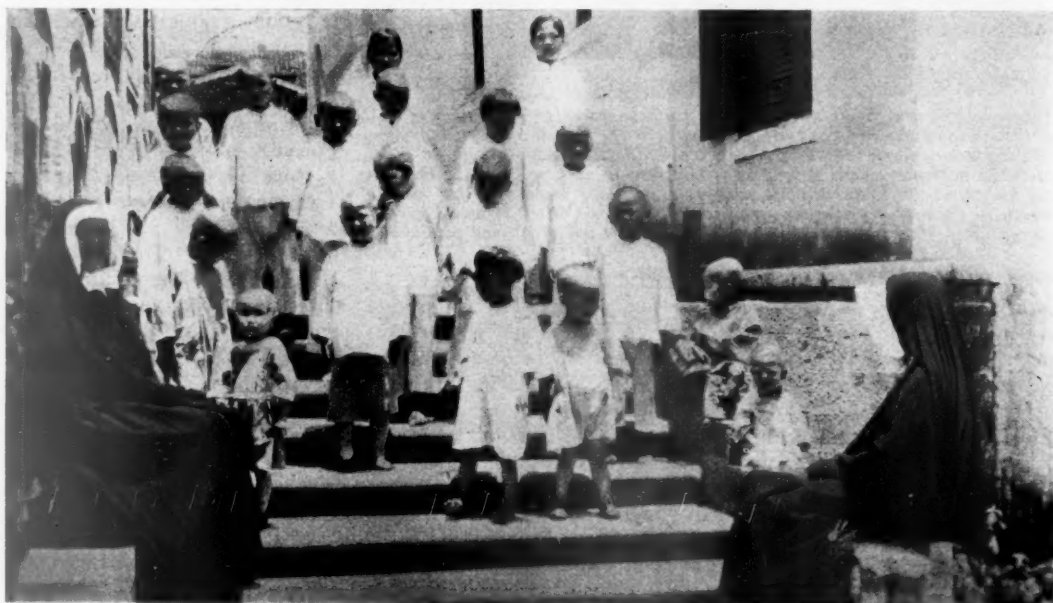
THE following is a copy of a letter sent to the Passionist Missionaries in China by Monsignor Dominic Langenbacher, C.P. It will surely edify our readers and, let us hope, it will encourage them to pray for the Missionaries. We know that the letter met with hearty approval on the part of all the recipients. Those Fathers who were chosen to leave for Hankow and Shanghai considered themselves unfortunate. They felt that somehow they had lost the grand opportunity of gaining the crown of martyrdom. What a tribute it is to the Catholic priesthood! What a glory to our Church!

Yuanchow,

February 1, 1927.

Reverend and Dear Father:

Recently we received word from Fr. Cuthbert at Shen-



THE HAPPINESS THAT WAS.

These little orphans have been robbed of the maternal care of the good Sisters of Charity through the uprising of the people under the influence of the 'Red' propagandists. The children are still cared for and retain their home under the vigilance of Father Cuthbert O'Gara, C.P., and Father Paul Ubinger, C.P., at Shenchow. Let us hope and pray that it may not be long until peaceful times again make it possible for the good Sisters to return to their charges.

THE † SIGN



WHAT FLOOD MEANS IN CHINA

In this picture you can see a native making a raft from the remains of his own home. When the waters subside he will probably set about rebuilding the whole structure because by that time others will have helped themselves to the lumber in his old home and the building will have been destroyed.

chow, who is keeping us informed as to the progress of events there and as far as possible in other parts of the Province, that the American Consul sent two telegrams urging all Americans to evacuate the district.

Likely you will be receiving the same information, either from Fr. Cuthbert or from the Consul himself. As you may be puzzled to know what to do in that event, I am sending you these few lines which may help you to determine what is best to do in your own case and with regard to your own Mission.

After considerable discussion and much prayer, we have decided that it is best for one of the Missionaries and a companion to remain at all the principal stations, or where we have been accustomed to keep a resident priest. For those who are not absolutely necessary for the Mission in this capacity and for whom there arises serious personal danger, such should leave for a place of safety, if they are reasonably sure of reaching such a place and not running into greater danger.

The reason for this decision, as we see it, is this: Only in case of America going to war with China, can we, for the present, see a valid reason for deserting the souls committed to our care. But we are sure that we are not being asked to leave the district because of threatened war. And even though war should be threatened, even then, duty to our people, who are new in the Faith, might require us to remain with them until we are

forcibly driven out or suffer personal injury. Our Christians might find it impossible to make the proper distinction, and, we, finding it impossible to give a proper explanation, they might easily be led to think that while we are willing to preach faithfulness even unto death, we are unwilling to exemplify in ourselves that which we preach to them. In other words, duty seems to require us to remain with our people in this hour of their trial and ours.

In this district, as in some others of our Prefecture, there is little danger at present. But we have no means of knowing when it will strike here as it has struck and struck severely in other parts of China. At present, then, let us prepare for that contingency, not only all that pertains to the Mission and our other affairs, but also have fixed in mind and will that which duty requires of us. God grant that we may all be spared to our people for many years of work in their midst. But if He decides otherwise, let us be ready and willing to meet the worst.

You will in the end and with God's light, which will not be



ANOTHER FLOOD SCENE

Here is shown a large pagan temple. The waters have risen above the terraced approach and now entirely fill the temple. Note height of water in the doorway. In normal times the temple is high above the water level of the river.

THE † SIGN

wanting to you, have to decide what is best and necessary for you to do when a serious contingency arises. I am sending this for your guidance, as the result of discussion and prayer, and, I hope, as that which God gives me to see as the best to tell you in my capacity of Prefect and Religious Superior.

In a union of mind and heart and glad to share this trial with you, I am, devotedly yours in Christ's Passion,—DOMINIC LANGENBACHER, C. P.

THE crisis was not long in reaching Shenchow Mission. The days and nights of anxiety for the Missionaries in Shenchow culminated early in February. The ruthless hand of the invaders hourly pressed harder and harder upon the Mission. The weight became overpowering. The final step was taken. Following the Monsignor's instructions all Fathers not essential to the Mission, together with the good Sisters of Charity, set out for Hankow. Readers of THE SIGN will recall the cable received under date of March 16, wherein we were informed that the Sisters and ten priests had reached Hankow. In a letter, to be published in our June issue, the Sisters of Charity tell of the last minute preparations for departure and the touching farewell.

Gemma's League

AN ASSOCIATION OF PRAYERS

THE OBJECT: To bring the grace of God to the souls of others and to merit blessings for ourselves.

THE METHOD: The offering of our prayers and good works for the spread of Christ's kingdom in China.

MEMBERSHIP: Many charitably disposed persons interested in the salvation of the souls of others.

OBLIGATION: No financial dues. Payments are made in the currency of Heaven. Prayers and good works are bartered for souls. Return monthly leaflet.

THE REWARD: God's blessings on ourselves and others. The reward of an Apostle who performs the spiritual works of mercy.

THE PATRON: Gemma Galgani, the White Passion Flower of Lucca. Born in 1878 and died in 1903. Her saintly life was characterized by a singular devotion to Christ's Passion. She had a burning zeal for the salvation of all for whom Christ suffered and died. Her cause has been introduced and we hope soon to call her Blessed Gemma.

HEADQUARTERS: All requests for leaflets and all correspondence concerning the League, should be addressed to the Rev. Director, The Gemma League, care of THE SIGN, Union City, N. J.

REPORT FOR THE MONTH OF MARCH

New members continue to enroll in the League and we hope that each member will, in turn, strive to inter-

est others in this praiseworthy work. Remember, that your League activities are doubly blessed in so far as they bring you blessings and at the same time gain many great graces for our Missionaries in China.

During the past month almost all the members sent in their monthly report. However, there are still some who have not reported for February and March. We take this opportunity to urge these good people to send in their report at the earliest possible date.

This month we make a special plea for new members. Try your very best to secure at least one new member. Most of your Catholic friends would gladly promise to say at least one Hail Mary a day. Ask your friends.

May God reward all those who offered the following prayers and good works for the success of the Passionist Missionaries during the month of March:

SPIRITUAL TREASURY

Masses Said	11
Masses Heard	43,907
Holy Communions	28,215
Visits to Blessed Sacrament	84,364
Spiritual Communions	532,367
Benediction Service	16,100
Sacrifices, Sufferings	335,563
Stations of the Cross	23,242
Visits to the Crucifix	79,380
Beads of the Five Wounds	44,351
Offerings of Precious Blood	551,096
Visits to Our Lady	38,603
Rosaries	73,492
Beads of the Seven Dolours	6,870
Ejaculatory Prayers	4,286,639
Hours of Study, Reading	80,830
Hours of Labor	64,344
Acts of Kindness, Charity	100,756
Acts of Zeal	74,504
Prayers, Devotions	561,585
Hours of Silence	35,549
Hymns	12,000
Various Works	265,917
Holy Hours	544
Hours of Divine Office	7,212

"Restrain Not Grace From The Dead." (Eci. 7, 39.)

KINDLY remember in your prayers and good works the following recently deceased relatives and friends of our subscribers:

SISTER MARY MERCEDES
MARY E. HOLEY
ROBERT A. McGUIRE
MARY McLAUGHLIN
CATHERINE CURRAN
JOHANNA KNUTH
ELIZABETH BARKER
JOSEPH HENRY RIEGEL

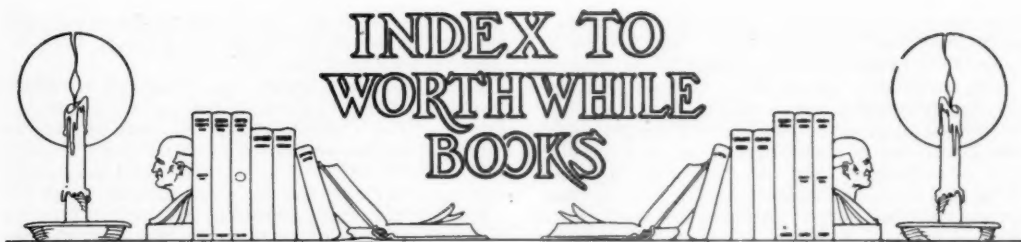
STEPHEN KELLY
STEVE FOPPIANI
CHARLES S. RUH
FRANK BANET
JAMES M. MATHEWS
MAMIE CARROLL
JOHN J. LEAHY
HUGH McGIVNEY
MARGARET SCULLY
JULIA AGNES McMAHON
JAMES A. KENNEALLY
MRS. W. R. KING
MRS. MARGARET MORRISON
MRS. ANASTASIA HILL
WILLIAM WALSH
JOSEPHINE O'BRIEN
HELEN WOODS

RICHARD GIBLIN
DANIEL DELANEY
MRS. DOLAN
MARY DANIHAN
ELLEN KERRIGAN
SARA HENRIS
NORA LYONS
MARGARET McELRONE
JANE RYAN
CHARLES REYNOLDS
J. McARTHUR
ANNIE ELIZABETH NICHOLSON
ANDRE JOHN CROTTE
ELIZABETH B. LAWN
HENRY J. BLACKHAM
CATHERINE M. FINN
MARY M. McMAHON

CATHERINE A. CORCORAN
ELIZABETH REYNOLDS
HOLTON
MARY CASSIDY
JAMES FLANNERY
VINCENT BANDEN.
DISTEL

MAY their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace.

Amen.



[ANY BOOK NOTICED HERE CAN BE PROCURED THROUGH "THE SIGN." ADD 10% OF COST TO PAY POSTAGE.]

THE REPUBLIC AND THE CHURCH. By the Reverend John A. McClorey, S. J. B. Herder Book Co., St. Louis, Mo. Price: \$1.50.

The author here presents us with a Course of Lenten Lectures delivered in 1926 in Detroit and Chicago. It is estimated that an average of 9,000 listeners, of whom one-fourth were non-Catholics, heard each of the lectures.

The titles of the lectures are: This Republic, Divorce and Revelation, Divorce and Reason, Birth Control, Its Futility; Birth Control, Its Wickedness; The Republic and the Church.

The lectures are written in the rather free and easy fashion one expects to find in the spoken word. They will appeal to the popular mind because they attracted and held the attention of the average citizen who was privileged to hear them. The subjects treated have an immediate popular claim. The book will furnish our Catholic laity with a straightforward presentation of Catholic truth, and the clerical reader will find it helpful in his preachments.

CHRISTIAN MOTHERHOOD AND EDUCATION. By Rev. C. Van der Donckt. Frederick Pustet Co., New York. Price: \$2.00.

This, mainly adapted from the French, may be called a heart-book for Catholic mothers. In it they will find instruction, guidance, and comfort in the form of intelligent consolation. The first part furnishes thoughts of modern writers on the maternity of the Blessed Virgin Mary and the Church, illustrating the types of all motherhood. The second part treats of the duties and privileges of Christian mothers.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND PHILOSOPHY. By Fr. Vincent McNabb, O.P. Third volume of the Calvert Series, edited by Hilaire Belloc. The Macmillan Co., New York. Price: \$1.00.

The book, bearing the above title, is another of the Calvert Series of studies about things Catholic, written especially for non-Catholics who really think and seek for reliable information. Catholics will find the publication quite helpful. It is not bulky, and, therefore, will not overtax the time of busy people.

The author tells an interesting story of a long, drawn-out courtship, betrothal, and final marriage. There were many prenuptial agreements. The fact that feminine pronouns are used in referring to the parties concerned, did not call for a special prenuptial arrangement; because in spiritual espousals, sex is conspicuous by its absence. The parties to the

marriage are Holy Mother Catholic Church and Miss Greek Philosophy.

The story is very serious and decidedly instructive. The love affair between the two superfine "intelligencias" was very old-fashioned. The prenuptial arrangements extended over a period of more than thirteen hundred years, and were conducted throughout by proxies. The delay in coming to an agreement was due to the fact that Miss Greek Philosophy had been jilted twice. The suitors were Jewry and Islam.

Miss Greek Philosophy was required to discard much of her sentimental tawdry attire and accept much plain matter-of-fact clothing. Aristotle, the Philosopher, was the chosen proxy for Miss Greek Philosophy. It could not be expected that he would behave after the manner of Parisian modistes who gloat over shortage in clothes. Holy Mother Catholic Church abhors nakedness of body, and still more nudity of mind. She is an admirer of superbly clad intellects.

The proxy for Holy Mother Catholic Church was an army of scholars, gifted with the best common sense, starting with St. John, the Evangelist, down through the long line of the Fathers and of the more eminent schoolmen of the Middle Ages. St. Thomas of Aquin, was the last of outstanding proxies. He completed final arrangements for the marriage.

The author explains and illustrates what is meant by philosophy, and by the assimilative and rejective powers of the Church. What he writes about philosophy should be very gratifying to "the plain-man-on-the-street" and to "the plain-woman-in-the-home." Fadists will object very much. Philosophy, dressed to the liking of the Church, is "organized and supreme common sense." It is the findings and agreements of normal men and women whose substantial contacts with the hard realities of every day life have been arranged in orderly series, and have been rigorously tested by scholars whose superior minds are exquisitely adjusted thinking machines, which work only in accord with the unbending rules of logic. Persons, men or women, who have such minds are justly named philosophers—lovers of wisdom. "Thank heavens," thus writes the author, "the majority of mankind (i.e. "the poor," as Lacordaire used to say) who have daily less and less material goods, still hold the bulk of the world's sound, good sense. *Securus judicat orbis terrarum*, which we may translate, "The bulk of mankind see straight." On plain simple matters of fact, any twelve men or women, and especially any twelve fathers and mothers of large families, are more likely to see straight

THE † SIGN

than any twelve professors, especially professors of psychology, for whom the word *intelligence* has ceased to have any definite meaning."

The assimilative power of the Catholic Church is her very pronounced ability and tendency to take to herself and adapt to her use whatever the best of human genius has produced or may produce, provided that it harmonize with her God-given organism. What actually so harmonizes, she may take over bodily and make her own, if helpful to her work for the spiritual uplift of mankind. Whatever does not thus harmonize, but can be made to do so, is subjected to her rejective power by which she casts aside what is unsuitable for her work. The results of these two powers in action are the delight of those who understand the Catholic Church, and the despair of those who do not understand her. Whatever the fine arts, genuine science, statercraft, whose inspiration is the welfare of all the people and not of officials chiefly, had or have that is serviceable to her mission among men, she subjects to the action of these two powers; if suitable, she uses it. She does not balk even at amusements, provided they can be made contributory to the spiritual betterment of mankind. She is not averse to worthwhile contributions from heathens, agnostics, and atheists, if suitable and serviceable.

The Catholic Church simply must have some standard of sound, good, human common sense, to be able to work among men and for men. Should a better and more serviceable philosophy of common sense than the one which she has made her own, ever be discovered, she will adopt it. However, she does not play hop, step, and jump on the fields of intelligence, running after new things just because they are new.

Appreciation is due the author for going into detail, showing how philosophy permeates the intellectual phases of the Catholic system from the discussions of the most recondite theology to the lowly teaching of the catechism to small children. It is a very different method from that of Bacon, Hume, Descartes, Kant and others nearer our own time, who are responsible for the break-down of present-day philosophy amongst non-Catholics.

POEMS. By Elizabeth Voss. The Four Seas Co., Boston, Mass. Price: \$1.00.

One may search in vain among the verses in this slender volume for the overtones and silences that constitute the lure of perfect poetry. The author seeks rather to please and edify with her happy and more direct portrayal of the wholesome things of nature, of childhood and of the affections.

"I dream my life and live my dreams," she sings, and thus her vistas and memories are more than reveries, they are permeated with the ideals that are an impulse to better living.

THE CHURCH AND DIVORCE. By Rev. Thomas Mahon. B. Herder Book Co. St. Louis. Price: \$1.00.

A book on Christian marriage is always timely, but in an especial way does Father Mahon's book meet the need of the hour. For months past much good

white paper has been wasted and gallons of ink spilt by the enemies of the Church in attacking her attitude towards Christian wedlock.

Every Christian knows that if divorce is forbidden it is because Christ forbids it. Does Christ forbid it? The Church, basing her decision on the words of Christ, emphatically affirms that He does. The teaching of Christ as recorded in all the gospels is clear. St. Luke and St. Mark leave no room for doubt but the critics make bold to proclaim that the Evangelist St. Matthew is, to say the least, obscure on this vital matter. The disputed texts of St. Matthew, therefore, the author set down in Greek, Latin and English and shows clearly that St. Matthew records and teaches what St. Luke and Mark affirm. He adds to this the teaching of St. Paul and calls on Tradition to confirm his contention. Taking us from the dawn of Christianity to the Council of Trent, Father Mahon succinctly shows us that the practice of the Church was always against divorce for any cause; that death alone is the dissolver of the marriage bond.

The book before us is only a little brochure of 73 pages but each page is made to take its place in the skillful march of the author's argumentation. It is hoped that many laymen will find in this volume, as Father Mahon put it, the precise reasons why it is not allowed by Christ's teachings to take advantage of the civil laws of any land which favor divorce.

THE VOICE OF THE CHURCH. By Father Aloysius, O.S.F.C. Benziger Brothers, New York. Price: \$1.90.

This book is a prayer manual compiled exclusively from prayers contained in the liturgical books. Printed on India paper, its more than 800 pages do not bulk too much for convenient handling. It is the purpose of the author to rescue for English-speaking Catholics the rich prayer treasures of the Church which are hidden in the Latin tongue. It was suggested to the author that he include some well-known devotions popular with the faithful, but he decided, and we think wisely, not to include them. The best prayers of the Church are to be found in the *Roman Missal*, the *Breviary*, the *Ritual* and the *Ceremonial*. These prayers appear in this book, which we commend to all who would intelligently appreciate our Catholic liturgy.

PRIESTS. By Will W. Whalen. Herder Book Co. St. Louis, Mo. Price: \$2.00.

Mencken has said of Joseph Conrad: "There is no writer like him." The reviewer believes the same of Father Whalen in Catholic literature. His books are Catholic in tone, in doctrine, in perspective. He is a realist without being sordid; pious without a trace of pietistic. Among Catholic novelists there is no one like him.

Priests—the latest of his recent prodigious output—is typically Whalenic. With a deft hand, albeit at times a little rough, he tells some remarkable stories—all the more remarkable because founded on the facts of his sacred ministry.

"By Such Sacrifices God's Favor Is Obtained." (Heb. 13/15.)

We print here a list of Benefactors who have contributed to the relief of the famine-stricken in China. May God Himself reward abundantly their generous charity!

CIRCLES: W. J. Monte Marte Circle \$37.20; St. Michael's Circle \$60; M. Y. Good Shepherd Circle \$7; St. Angelus Circle \$8; St. Gabriel's Mission Unit \$15.

ARK: Phoenix, J. McL. \$10.
ARK: Little Rock, R. G. A. \$2; Pocahontas, G. B. \$1; O. F. C. \$1; R. L. L. \$10; G. P. \$5; Scranton, J. G. \$2; Subiaco, R. E. \$2.

CALIF.: Anaheim, T. P. \$4.60; Cardiff By the Sea, C. M. \$5; Chino, C. J. C. \$2; Crockett, F. H. \$2; Eureka, A. H. \$1; Huntington Park, P. M. H. \$3; La Jolla, E. Z. \$2; Los Angeles, F. H. \$1; M. P. \$1; F. X. G. \$2; J. S. \$1; R. C. T. \$1; S. F. H. \$1; M. J. M. \$1; J. B. & F. \$4.05; A. A. \$3; Monterey, S. S. F. \$4; M. A. F. \$5; W. L. T. \$10; W. L. \$1; Oakland, D. McK. \$5; E. R. \$1; C. McC. \$1; M. McC. \$1; S. B. \$1; E. & M. P. \$5; Pebble Beach, A. W. \$5; Pomona, D. W. P. \$20; Sacramento, A. J. McC. \$2; San Diego, C. M. W. \$5; San Francisco, S. O. C. \$5; M. J. L. \$20; J. M. \$5; M. G. \$1; M. J. L. \$1; G. B. H. \$10; S. M. E. \$1.10; San Jose, C. A. S. \$1; Santa Ana, C. K. \$5; Sierra Madre, J. S. \$5.
COLO.: Denver, N. B. \$1; M. K. \$1; V. M. \$1; Tuma, M. S. \$2.

CONN.: Bridgeport, P. M. D. \$25; M. R. \$1; A. C. D. \$5; A. McL. \$2; H. D. \$2; J. J. M. \$5; J. S. K. \$1; J. C. \$1; J. H. E. \$5; W. E. D. \$1; J. McC. \$2; M. E. B. \$5; H. C. \$5; Fairfield, M. G. \$5; Greenwich, E. McG. \$1; Hartford, G. F. D. \$1; M. K. \$25; G. L. \$1; N. C. R. \$1; S. J. C. \$5; B. K. \$1; New Haven, C. D. \$4; S. S. M. \$2; T. T. \$5; Norwalk, L. C. \$2; Norwich, P. F. G. \$2; Riverdale, J. P. G. \$5; Sharon, J. P. N. \$11.50; Shelton, C. Y. \$2; Stamford, J. C. \$1; Unionville, A. C. W. \$5; E. F. H. \$5; Waterbury, K. J. S. \$2.

D. C.: Washington, W. S. T. \$1; E. P. O. H. \$5; M. H. H. \$5; E. McN. \$2; E. M. S. \$2; S. N. D. \$1; J. A. Q. \$1; A. R. \$1; M. J. M. \$2; A. M. K. \$1.

FLA.: Bonifay, J. W. W. \$1; Mandarin, J. M. B. \$1; Dunnell, J. P. G. \$1; Hollywood, E. O. \$1; Miami, K. E. M. \$1.

GA.: Augusta, H. P. \$10; Macon, A. H. \$1.

IDAHO: Cottonwood, M. D. \$1; Greencreek, J. S. \$0.25; Stealing, D. L. S. \$5.

ILL.: Anna, S. S. \$5; Aurora, A. K. \$1; R. B. H. \$1; E. B. \$5; Batavia, A. H. \$1; W. H. \$2; M. B. B. \$2; Belleville, B. H. P. \$3; A. F. B. \$2; A. F. B. \$2; Berwyn, A. H. \$1; E. H. \$4; Champaign, S. M. C. \$2; M. A. H. \$1; J. E. McG. \$1; D. T. R. \$2; Chicago, M. H. \$1; C. W. \$5; Anon. \$1; F. H. \$2; M. & M. F. A. C. \$2; W. J. R. \$2; M. S. \$1; B. M. F. \$2; A. E. \$1; T. E. F. \$4; M. D. \$2; A. S. \$1; C. F. H. \$2; M. M. \$1; J. H. G. \$2; C. S. \$2; F. B. R. \$20; E. N. & G. G. \$2; G. F. R. \$5; J. F. H. \$2; M. C. K. \$2; J. McC. \$1; W. J. C. \$2; C. McC. \$2; E. P. McC. \$2; J. M. \$5; M. D. \$2; M. H. \$5; P. J. \$2; J. M. \$2; J. F. S. \$2; A. S. \$2; J. S. S. \$2; M. A. McG. \$5; P. W. \$1; J. F. \$1; T. G. \$2; M. O. \$1; W. H. \$2; A. M. F. \$1; C. B. \$10; P. O. S. \$1; D. J. \$2; M. & M. P. Z. \$1; M. H. \$1; C. R. \$1; G. \$5; G. J. E. \$10; J. D. H. \$5; W. C. \$2; S. M. S. \$15; M. W. R. \$1; R. K. \$1; S. K. \$4; G. F. McG. \$2; G. B. G. \$2; J. A. F. \$1; M. L. \$1; N. T. W. \$5; P. J. R. \$2; T. McC. \$1; M. M. \$1; J. J. M. \$1; S. S. \$5; A. M. S. \$2; M. R. J. \$2; W. J. G. \$1; E. B. \$1; D. S. \$1; M. S. \$1; C. M. O. F. \$5; M. G. \$2; M. M. \$1; N. C. \$1; M. A. \$5; M. H. \$1; J. W. \$0.50; J. T. M. \$2; R. T. S. \$1; J. McG. \$0.27; M. M. R. \$5; V. S. \$15; J. C. \$1; M. M. \$2; S. O. M. \$1; T. B. \$1; A. M. \$1; L. S. \$1; A. E. McG. \$1; S. L. \$1; T. B. \$6.73; M. C. \$3; J. J. K. \$2; C. N. \$2; C. S. \$2; A. W. \$2; M. H. S. \$1; S. C. \$1; A. L. H. \$2; A. M. K. \$2; J. A. F. \$1; A. R. \$5; R. C. \$1; P. A. C. \$1; H. D. \$2; E. & F. O. \$2; C. T. \$1; P. M. A. \$1; M. S. \$2; V. D. N. \$2; M. K. \$2; C. T. B. \$10; C. P. B. \$5; C. L. \$1; J. A. F. \$1; P. B. \$5; E. J. N. \$1; G. C. \$1; W. H. S. \$12; A. G. \$1; A. M. \$1; J. V. H. \$1; S. M. S. \$2; S. H. \$2; F. D. G. \$1; M. Z. \$3; W. S. \$5; E. M. J. \$2; M. McG. \$5; M. R. \$2; C. A. G. \$5; S. M. \$5; S. C. \$1; S. M. S. \$5; J. E. \$2; G. J. \$5; P. J. M. \$5; A. E. G. \$2; C. M. \$10; M. E. G. \$5; M. C. \$1; East Moline, C. M. H. \$25; Edwardsville, L. M. \$1; W. S. \$1; W. S. \$1; Elmhurst, H. M. \$1; Freeport, R. D. \$1.25; A. M. \$1; M. B. \$2; J. O. W. \$1; G. S. \$1; Gilberts, R. W. C. \$5; Glen Ellyn, M. E. \$1; Highland, F. D. \$1; Johnsbury, W. O. \$20; Joliet, F. A. M. \$1; E. McG. & M. B. \$2; Kankakee, M. C. D. \$1; D. C. \$1; P. L. M. \$2; J. C. M. \$1; W. F. \$1; A. E. K. \$3; P. J. C. \$1; LaGrange, M. M. P. \$2; La Salle, C. H. S. \$1; Lemont, E. K. \$1; Lisle, A. A. R. \$10; Matteson, F. M. P. \$1; L. A. W. \$5; M. S. \$2; S. S. \$2; Maywood, P. J. F. \$1; W. J. R. \$1; McHenry, J. P. \$3; J. H. \$5; Montgomery, C. A. M. \$1; Murphysboro, M. L. B. \$1; K. Z. \$3; W. S. \$5; Norwood Park, F. L. \$2; Oak Park, N. \$4; W. J. W. \$1; M. E. O. B. \$2; T. J. O. B. \$2; M. O. B. \$1; L. A. C. \$10; F. O. C. \$1; L. S. G. \$1; D. F. H. \$5; D. F. H. M. \$50; K. E. C. \$1; J. T. V. \$5; P. J. \$10; Peoria, M. F.

\$1; Quincy, M. S. \$1; J. T. M. \$1; O. T. \$5; Rockford, M. J. F. \$2; C. E. F. \$1; Sloan, F. M. \$2.25; Streator, Sr. M. L. \$1; Teutopolis, T. N. \$5; Sr. M. E. \$1; Urbana, R. C. W. \$1.

IND.: Avilla, H. J. \$1; Armstrong, A. R. \$1; Evansville, K. H. \$0.50; A. S. \$1; Ft. Wayne, C. J. W. \$5; Anon. \$1; Logansport, E. M. \$1; Mishawaka, A. M. S. \$10; H. S. \$5; New Albany, M. A. V. \$2; I. S. K. \$5; G. W. \$2; Peru, J. E. D. \$1; Siberia, F. K. \$3; W. T. \$5; Union City, A. P. G. \$1; R. V. \$1; C. C. K. \$1.

IOWA: Breda, M. T. \$1; J. L. \$2; Bondurant, A. S. \$2; Burlington, L. J. D. \$1; Calmar, B. G. \$1; B. T. \$8; Centerville, B. McC. \$2; Creston, N. C. McG. \$1; Dubuque, M. K. McC. \$1; Festiva, J. E. \$5; C. S. \$1; Mt. Vernon, A. S. \$2; Iowa City, L. W. \$1; S. A. \$2; Keokuk, M. L. S. \$3; New Hampton, S. S. C. \$2; Ottumwa, M. R. \$1; Sloan, M. M. \$1; F. M. \$2.25; Solon, J. M. \$2; Victor, W. McG. \$1; Waukegan, M. H. \$1.

KANSAS: Augusta, J. J. M. \$5; Baxter Springs, J. W. \$2; Lawrence, J. G. O. N. \$3; Parsons, E. J. B. \$5; K. E. \$1; L. E. B. \$5; C. C. \$3; Seneca, J. E. \$1; Topeka, W. H. \$1.

KY.: Bellevue, M. G. \$7; Covington, H. B. \$8; C. F. \$2; C. S. \$2; J. H. L. \$1; A. L. H. \$5; M. R. \$1; M. L. \$1.50; E. K. \$12; K. G. \$5; A. H. \$1; M. V. B. \$1; S. T. \$5; Falmouth, J. F. K. \$5; Jeffertown, J. B. \$1; Lexington, M. C. McK. \$5; J. J. S. \$5; Louisville, P. J. C. \$4; K. C. \$2; J. B. \$1; E. E. S. \$1; C. S. \$1; A. H. G. \$5; C. T. \$12; C. E. W. \$2; D. J. M. \$2; C. M. \$2; Mrs. O. L. \$4; J. B. T. \$1; L. F. \$1; C. G. S. \$2; B. J. \$10; Louisa, R. C. \$1; Ludlow, E. M. \$10; New Orleans, C. K. \$7; Sanders, M. M. \$5.

LA.: Marksville, L. P. D. \$1; New Orleans, A. L. S. \$5; Shreveport, H. J. L. \$5.

MAINE: Rockland, N. K. \$3; Rumford, S. S. C. \$1; Sanford, L. W. \$10; Waterville, C. P. \$5.

M.D.: Baltimore, C. B. \$1; F. F. D. \$5; E. P. M. \$5; E. M. C. \$1; M. H. \$1; S. F. V. S. \$1; H. G. S. \$1; C. B. \$1; H. O. G. S. \$1; A. A. \$1; J. O. K. \$5; A. F. B. \$5; Blitsville, G. V. R. \$1; Catonsville, D. F. B. \$10; Indian Head, C. Z. P. \$2; La Plata, A. P. \$3.

MASS.: Allston, L. D. \$1; J. J. D. \$1; P. J. B. \$2; M. L. \$1; C. T. L. \$1; W. F. F. \$1; E. J. L. \$2; M. E. P. \$2; E. W. T. \$2; Atlantic, C. E. B. \$5; Arlington, H. B. \$2; J. E. McL. \$1; G. O. \$1; T. J. H. \$5; Auburndale, K. L. \$2; Belmont, E. D. \$1; E. J. L. \$2; Beverly, R. S. \$2; Boston, E. R. \$1; E. G. M. \$2; E. J. M. \$1; J. E. \$1; M. R. \$1; E. N. P. \$1; D. A. L. \$1; H. E. R. \$5; K. H. \$1; M. V. D. \$1.50; M. B. S. \$3; M. A. L. \$1; S. M. C. U. \$3; P. F. H. \$1; M. J. C. \$2; A. C. B. \$1; B. C. L. \$5; E. C. S. \$3; R. J. N. \$5; H. K. B. \$1; F. R. M. \$2; E. S. \$1; E. J. M. S. \$1; M. R. \$2; M. M. R. \$1; M. K. \$2; M. O. \$20.32; C. V. T. \$5; A. M. B. \$1; M. M. \$2; M. J. H. \$1; M. H. McD. \$5; M. M. \$1; W. J. R. \$5; Brighton, J. E. D. \$5; Brookline, M. B. \$2; A. D. \$1; C. L. \$5; M. E. C. \$2; D. C. \$2; M. E. A. \$1; K. D. \$1; M. M. P. \$5; Brookline, E. E. \$1; R. V. O. L. \$2.50; M. McC. \$2; M. I. F. \$10; J. J. O. R. \$2; T. J. C. \$2; A. D. \$1; H. D. \$1; A. D. \$2; A. F. F. \$1; M. McC. \$1; J. M. \$5; A. K. M. \$10; M. M. \$2; M. K. \$1; E. P. \$2; C. A. D. \$3; C. J. H. \$5; M. M. M. \$1; A. L. \$1; V. G. T. \$4; D. F. R. \$2; C. M. \$5; H. M. P. \$5; C. J. M. \$2; C. F. L. \$1; M. D. \$5; F. W. D. \$2; N. L. B. \$2; J. J. L. \$1; J. M. L. \$1; H. McD. \$1; S. H. C. \$2; M. A. F. \$2; A. S. \$10; E. McC. \$2; M. R. \$2; J. V. S. \$2; V. T. \$1; B. S. \$1; C. S. \$1; H. A. E. \$5; M. F. \$2; A. C. C. \$3; A. W. \$2; H. S. \$1; T. R. W. \$5; F. S. \$3; S. H. C. \$1; J. W. \$1; M. M. H. \$10; C. S. \$5; C. A. H. \$10; L. E. C. \$1; M. D. \$5; F. W. D. \$2; M. D. \$1; Cambridge, F. A. D. \$1; E. M. \$1; E. F. S. \$5; J. T. C. \$4; K. F. P. \$5; J. A. S. \$5; E. H. \$1; M. R. L. \$2; M. K. \$2; M. A. M. \$2; S. M. C. \$9; A. V. G. \$2; T. F. \$2; J. J. F. \$1; S. E. D. \$1; P. D. \$1; M. A. M. \$2; M. D. \$10; M. L. \$5; J. F. \$5; L. S. \$5; E. J. H. \$2; E. J. O. C. \$1; M. O. \$1; E. S. \$2; W. E. R. \$1; S. A. McK. \$5; J. L. \$1; E. M. H. \$2; J. T. C. \$4; C. A. C. \$1; J. B. C. \$1; K. McL. \$1; F. M. \$1; J. D. L. \$5; H. T. H. \$5; M. E. G. \$5; T. F. McC. \$1; S. L. F. \$1; C. K. \$1; M. C. \$1.50; W. L. \$2; R. W. H. \$1; E. S. \$1; H. T. Q. \$5; J. H. O. B. \$5; Campbell, C. McK. \$1; Charlesworth, W. L. \$10; M. T. \$2; J. J. M. \$5; T. C. \$2; K. M. C. \$2; N. D. \$2; E. B. McK. \$1; E. G. \$1; B. G. \$1; C. M. C. \$2; J. J. F. \$2; Chelsea, F. J. C. \$2; M. A. M. \$1; Chestnut Hill, E. M. J. \$5; D. F. \$5; T. J. C. \$1; F. A. C. \$3; M. J. L. \$10; Chicopee Falls, C. A. McK. \$1; A. J. D. \$5; J. H. S. \$5; Clifton, J. E. L. \$2; Dorchester, W. M. S. \$5; M. A. S. \$5; N. McK. \$2; N. McK. \$1; R. A. M. \$1; J. M. \$2; J. F. M. \$5; R. S. \$1; J. L. S. \$2; C. W. \$5; M. S. \$5; M. S. \$5; R. S. \$1; A. J. F. \$1; W. H. F. \$1; P. H. \$2; D. H. \$1; E. M. R. \$10; A. M. \$2; M. H. \$1; A. B. \$5; C. K. \$2; P. C.

\$1; K. C. K. \$1; C. C. \$1; J. J. H. \$2; M. C. L. \$5;
P. McD. \$2; R. F. \$2; M. K. \$1; M. W. \$2; J. B. \$2;
J. F. C. \$3; M. A. F. \$2; B. E. F. \$1; G. G. \$1; M. L.
\$1; T. J. M. \$1; M. D. \$2; M. E. D. \$2; M. L. F. \$10;
M. F. H. \$1; M. G. R. \$1; M. G. \$2; E. McC. \$1;
A. M. S. \$1; L. C. \$1; G. C. \$3; M. J. \$2; H. A. S. \$2;
A. W. \$2; A. V. G. \$1; M. McG. \$1; M. J. B. \$2;
M. A. S. \$1; A. S. \$5; E. L. C. \$1; A. M. \$1; G. A. C.
\$2; J. J. H. \$4; C. B. D. \$1; J. F. R. \$5; H. J. R. \$3;
C. F. O'C. \$1; S. L. M. \$2; J. C. \$5; J. J. C. \$2; J. D.
\$3; H. E. McC. \$1; M. E. M. \$1; J. F. L. \$5; J. R. \$1;
T. J. L. \$2; D. G. L. \$1; S. J. K. \$2; A. G. \$2; A. B. \$2;
W. G. I. \$5; W. G. I. \$3; J. B. S. \$2; W. A. M. \$2;
B. McD. \$2; M. E. F. \$1; S. M. S. \$2; L. O. \$1; M.
G. R. \$1; J. M. K. \$1; F. P. M. \$5; M. F. \$1; A. F.
D. \$1; A. W. K. \$2; F. McL. \$1; J. L. \$3; M. & M.
J. McG. \$2; T. B. \$2; E. C. \$1; D. M. \$5; J. A. McM.
\$10; M. G. F. \$2; E. S. \$1; M. S. \$5; M. A. C. \$1;
D. T. \$2; K. T. \$2; A. D. \$2; M. C. F. \$2; M. A. M.
\$2; J. M. O'B. \$2; Dracont, E. & E. H. \$2; East Boston,
J. G. \$2; East Baintree, J. E. B. \$1; East Dedham,
M. & M. P. W. \$2; East Milton, T. L. C. \$1;
East Weymouth, E. F. \$2; Everett, C. A. B. \$3; A.
S. \$2; J. C. \$1; C. C. H. \$1; M. P. \$1; N. M. R. \$1;
M. & J. H. \$4; M. DeV. \$2; M. C. \$2; A. H. \$2; J.
McG. \$1; F. G. H. \$3; R. W. \$1; G. C. \$1; T. F. \$1;
W. J. C. \$3; E. M. \$1; Fall River, M. A. S. \$1; Fram-
ingham Ctr., A. O'B. \$1; Gardner, P. B. \$1; P. M.
\$1; Haverhill, H. J. S. & F. \$5; R. E. F. \$5; Hins-
dale, A. N. \$2; E. B. & A. C. \$5; Hyde Park, S. C. \$5;
F. K. \$5; Jamaica, Plain, M. G. \$2; J. P. S. \$1; M.
D. \$5; J. H. C. \$1; A. M. P. \$1; E. C. \$1; J. R. \$1;
E. M. H. \$1; Lawrence, W. C. \$2; Leicester, S.
McP. \$2; Lowell, M. S. \$2; R. L. \$2; E. M. \$4; M.
A. C. \$1; B. C. \$2; M. McC. \$1; E. M. \$1; A. McC.
\$2; E. L. McC. \$1; McD. \$1; M. B. R. \$5; J. J. K. \$1;
R. M. L. \$1; P. J. McC. \$1; R. G. \$20.25; C. H. \$5;
W. L. \$1; J. J. H. \$2; M. L. \$2; K. H. \$1; J. McG.
\$1; S. McH. \$1; K. E. \$2; M. McC. \$5; E. K. \$1;
J. W. \$1; A. O'C. \$2; J. W. \$1; J. T. \$1; A. H. \$1;
A. T. O. \$1; M. & M. B. \$5; J. W. \$1; C. W. \$1; K.
R. \$1; A. E. O'N. \$1; P. F. \$2; C. E. T. \$1; F. B. \$5;
G. G. \$2; A. F. \$3; B. J. B. \$1; E. D. \$1; G. P. \$1;
B. J. C. \$1; M. E. S. \$1; T. P. \$1; M. D. \$1; E. J. \$1;
D. \$2; N. McN. \$1; Lynn, M. M. \$3; S. T. \$1; J. R.
\$1; B. M. L. \$2; L. G. B. \$1; A. J. M. \$5; A. M. M.
\$5; E. T. L. \$3; M. A. G. \$5; M. M. \$2; J. M. \$5;
J. R. B. \$2; C. E. McC. \$15; L. McL. \$5; T. C. McC.
\$2; B. F. \$1; S. S. \$2; G. O'D. \$1; E. M. A. \$1; A. D.
\$2; McMcC. \$1; C. J. L. \$5; S. F. \$2; M. McK. \$3;
M. B. \$10; M. J. G. 2; D. D. \$1; J. H. P. \$1; L. M.
S. \$1; N. E. \$2; E. D. \$1; M. E. N. \$5; M. F. \$2;
J. R. B. \$2; Malden, C. M. H. \$2; P. W. \$1; L. B.
\$1.50; A. T. M. \$2; C. S. G. \$1; A. I. M. \$2; W. J.
D. \$3; J. Q. \$1; E. P. R. \$1; D. A. R. \$5; M. J. R. \$2;
Marblehead, E. L. B. \$5; Mattapan, M. A. M. \$1; J.
F. \$1; J. F. \$1; Medford, P. A. G. \$2; M. A. S. \$5;
H. N. B. \$3; Medford Heights, E. J. Q. \$5; J. A. McD.
\$5; Melrose, E. L. H. \$3; Milton, A. C. \$3; Murphy-
boro, E. A. C. \$10; Natick, K. H. \$2; Needham,
M. H. \$2; Neponset, H. M. \$1; J. J. S. \$17; New Bedford,
E. B. E. \$2; Newton, C. McC. \$10; Newton Center,
N. L. \$2; J. J. \$10; E. LeB. \$1; J. F. \$1;
J. M. \$2; W. McC. \$5; L. A. M. \$1; J. G. \$1; J. A. H.
\$2; J. D. \$1; A. I. E. \$2; N. M. C. \$1; Newton High-
land, C. D. C. \$5; T. E. D. \$5; Newtonville, M. A. M.
\$2; J. H. \$2; No. Dighton, T. T. \$2; Norwood, M.
J. C. \$2; Pepperell, F. J. S. \$5; Pittsfield, M. J. D. \$2;
S. K. M. \$10; J. A. \$1; J. H. \$2; T. J. H. \$1; M. S. \$1;
N. H. \$5; Randolph, H. H. \$1; Revere, M. B. McL.
\$3; Roslindale, E. McK. \$1; Roxbury, C. C. C. \$5;
C. F. \$1.50; A. C. \$3; J. J. D. \$4; Salem, M. A. S.
\$5; J. T. W. \$2; Somerville, A. M. \$1; G. A. S. \$5;
M. W. \$1; M. C. A. F. \$5; M. E. D. \$3; M. G. \$1;
C. J. M. \$1; W. F. C. \$2; A. R. \$10; M. V. O'B. \$2;
M. A. D. \$1; S. A. C. \$5; A. V. K. \$1; D. C. \$1; J.
C. \$0.50; M. J. R. \$5; A. F. B. \$3; S. L. K. \$5; E. D.
\$1; C. M. \$1; M. G. \$1; M. F. \$1; So. Boston, A. J.
W. \$2; M. C. \$2; N. S. \$2; M. G. \$1; C. F. L. \$1;
T. P. K. \$4; P. O'T. \$2; M. S. \$1; M. G. \$1; M. G.
\$2; M. D. \$2; J. F. \$2; H. J. G. \$5; J. P. B. \$1; J.
B. \$2; E. J. S. \$5; M. D. \$1; M. G. \$1; C. O'N. \$1;
So. Lawrence, P. K. \$1; Spencer, G. H. R. \$1; J. L.
\$5; C. S. \$1; Springfield, T. P. D. \$2; A. T. \$1; S. M.
S. P. \$3; A. H. McD. \$2; A. A. C. \$1; M. C. \$1; T.
F. B. \$10; J. F. O'B. \$1; M. E. C. \$5; A. C. C. \$6;
Swampscott, M. N. \$1; S. D. \$10; Uphams Cor. M. E.
McS. \$5; N. C. \$3; Waban, H. K. H. \$5; Wakefield,
J. T. B. \$2; W. W. \$2; Waltham, W. A. L. \$1; H. F.
R. \$1; Watertown, D. F. \$2; S. McD. \$1; Webster,
P. O'N. \$1; Wellesley Hills, M. H. \$5; Westfield, E.
H. \$2; West Medford, P. N. \$5; West Newton, A. B.
\$1; H. D. \$1; West Roxbury, F. E. M. \$1; P. McG.
\$6; D. K. \$1; F. M. R. \$5; E. L. D. \$2; A. C. M. \$1;
A. D. \$2; K. A. M. \$2; M. P. \$2; M. A. G. \$2; W. H.
R. \$1; H. M. \$2; West Somerville, E. J. M. \$1; B. D.
\$2; M. O'N. \$2; H. D. \$2; F. B. K. \$1; West Spring-
field, L. B. R. \$1; Winterhill, T. E. M. \$1; Winthrop,
J. F. O'D. \$1; Woburn, H. L. \$3; J. J. B. \$2; Wol-

laston, K. P. L. \$1; Worcester, C. E. L. \$2; W. F. H.
\$10; T. F. S. \$20; J. E. C. \$2; S. O. M. \$5.
MICH.: Adrian, E. W. \$5; Bay City, M. W. \$2; Benton
Harbor, E. J. K. \$1; Big Rapids, W. C. L. \$0.75;
Detroit, K. F. K. \$10; G. W. \$55; A. M. P. \$2;
A. E. S. \$5; E. V. D. \$2; E. W. \$2; M. C. \$1; M. P.
\$1; L. F. H. \$2; A. G. F. \$5; J. J. B. \$1; H. W. \$2;
Dorr, H. W. \$2; Grand Rapids, A. S. \$1; Houghton,
L. M. \$1; Lenox, D. J. F. \$1; Manistee, F. L. S. \$3;
F. E. \$1; Petroskey, A. S. \$2; Pontiac, J. L. M. \$1;
Uby, L. L. \$1; Westphalia, M. P. \$1.
MINN.: Albany, H. B. \$1; Browerville, J. G. \$5; Clear-
water, H. J. H. \$1; Delano, U. W. \$1; Greenwald, G.
J. K. \$2; Guthrie, R. W. \$1; Keewatin, D. K. \$10;
W. J. B. \$1; Long Prairie, R. J. H. \$10; Madison,
H. J. M. \$5; Mahomed, E. J. W. \$2; Maple Lake, J. D.
\$1; Melrose, E. O. \$1; Montgomery, J. S. \$1; Rich-
mond, J. B. \$1; Rochester, C. K. \$2; St. Cloud, F. S.
\$1; M. A. M. \$2; A. R. \$2; St. Joseph, J. P. \$1; St.
Paul, E. T. V. \$5; S. M. W. \$5; E. A. W. \$5; Waconia,
F. J. H. \$1; Watkins, R. F. R. \$2; White Bear, M.
J. G. \$2; Wood Lake, E. J. P. \$1; Yacoo City, B. W.
H. \$2.
MISS.: Canton, N. M. T. \$5.
MO.: Agency, E. K. \$1; Harrison, M. H. \$2; Herman,
W. A. M. \$2; Jefferson, P. Y. \$5; Kansas City, B. V.
M. \$1; W. S. \$2; B. V. M. \$2; E. E. K. \$5; M. M. \$2;
A. K. \$1; Nevada, S. F. C. \$1; Old Monroe, F. B. \$2;
St. Joseph, L. J. E. \$1; E. C. E. \$1; J. E. \$1; D. W.
\$6; I. B. \$2; M. O'B. \$5; J. H. D. \$1; G. G. \$1; E. F.
\$1; J. P. \$1; St. Louis, F. X. H. \$3; H. M. \$1; A. S.
\$1; B. E. \$5; J. F. D. \$1; T. F. \$4; J. S. \$1.50; M.
J. W. \$2; J. E. F. B. \$3; C. S. \$1; G. H. H. \$2; M.
O'F. \$2; F. A. S. \$2; A. R. \$1; J. M. H. H. \$1; J. D.
\$1; M. C. & J. T. \$2; J. C. \$1; J. F. C. \$2; N. McD.
\$3; A. W. \$1; W. J. \$1; E. M. H. \$1; A. J. H. \$1;
M. D. \$10; A. H. \$5; M. C. \$1; M. S. \$5; F. J. G. \$1;
A. J. S. \$1; C. S. \$1; C. E. B. \$1; Anon. \$1; J. B.
\$1; V. W. B. \$3; C. E. B. \$3; T. D. \$3; W. J. R. \$1;
E. T. B. \$1; L. L. \$5; M. L. \$1; G. W. \$5; A. A. W.
\$10; M. H. \$10; G. A. R. \$1; E. H. \$5; R. P. \$2; G.
S. \$2; M. R. \$1; A. H. \$1; M. C. \$2; A. L. \$5;
J. W. \$2; F. C. \$2; M. S. \$1; O. S. A. \$0.50; M. E.
D. \$2; A. R. \$1; W. J. G. \$5; J. D. D. \$1; M. C. \$10;
B. W. \$1; F. D. \$5; B. F. V. \$2; Anon. \$1; F. J. O'N.
\$2; F. L. \$25; M. J. M. \$2; W. M. \$1; E. J. F. \$5;
M. W. C. \$1; N. E. R. \$1; F. A. S. \$2; L. \$1; E. M.
G. \$5; H. R. \$2; St. Mary's, J. G. \$1; Saxton, M. F.
\$2; Washington, J. D. G. \$1; Webster Grove, F. B.
M. \$25; M. R. \$5; A. J. S. \$1; Wytopitlock, B. V. \$5;
H. C. \$1; W. M. \$5.
MONT.: Havre, M. C. \$5; Silver Star, J. C. M. \$1; Town-
send, C. H. \$2.
NEB.: Dixon, J. McG. \$1; Falls City, E. E. \$1; Grand
Island, S. S. J. \$1.50; Hartington, J. L. \$10; Lincoln,
L. & A. W. \$10; M. J. \$1; W. A. D. \$1; Lindsay, J.
M. \$1; New Castle, M. M. \$5; Omaha, J. McN. \$1;
Randolph, M. J. H. \$3; Roseland, G. L. \$2; St. Hel-
ena, W. S. \$1.
N. H.: Manchester, B. R. \$10; S. P. B. \$25; Nashua, H.
F. M. \$1.
N. J.: Arlington, N. R. \$2; M. V. \$5; Allenhurst, A. A.
G. \$4; Asbury Park, E. J. T. \$10; Atlantic City, J. H.
M. \$5; Anon. \$5; C. B. \$10; J. H. M. \$5; J. J. B. \$1;
Atlantic Highlands, H. L. G. \$5.10; Audubon, C. F.
McG. \$2; Bayonne, C. H. \$1; E. C. \$2; C. E. McC. \$2;
Belleville, M. V. B. \$2; J. L. M. \$1; R. M. F. \$1; R.
A. E. \$1; F. M. M. \$2; J. L. M. \$1; R. B. M. \$1; R.
S. \$1; M. S. \$2; Beverly, J. D. \$1; Bloomfield, E. B.
\$1; A. H. \$2; A. M. C. \$3; G. M. H. \$1; Bradley Beach,
J. F. G. \$5; Camden, W. A. L. \$1; J. A. H. \$3.70; J.
V. C. & F. \$2; J. M. \$1; C. J. E. \$2; W. A. L. \$1;
W. P. C. \$3; M. D. \$2; Cedar Grove, G. G. R. \$4;
Cliffside Pk., J. F. O'T. \$1; Collingswood, M. A. R.
\$1; E. A. \$1; W. J. Q. \$2; M. A. R. \$1; M. H. \$1;
H. S. \$2; M. A. \$10; G. J. R. \$5; Coytesville, K. F.
K. \$5; Dover, B. T. \$1.50; D. T. M. \$5; M. R. \$10;
East Orange, N. K. \$5; Anon. \$2; E. J. S. \$2; J. F.
P. \$3; J. H. \$2; D. W. J. \$1; F. S. \$1; I. S. \$1; G.
J. H. \$1; Anon. \$2; E. Rutherford, J. A. L. \$5; Eaton-
town, M. D. \$5.40; Edgewater, M. E. D. \$1; A. R. \$1;
D. D. \$3; L. M. L. \$5; Elizabeth, J. W. \$1; T. J. V.
\$2; L. M. L. \$5; L. F. \$1; P. P. C. \$1; F. P. J. McG.
L. M. \$1; S. M. \$2; A. C. S. \$5; M. D. \$5; J. J. McG.
\$1; G. S. \$3; T. K. \$1; G. S. \$3; C. S. \$5; J. S.
\$2; F. M. P. \$2; S. M. E. \$15; M. R. C. \$1; P. J. M.
\$2; S. M. V. \$4; A. N. \$1; C. M. C. \$5; J. S. \$2; W.
K. \$2; E. K. \$5; M. D. A. \$1; D. F. \$1; J. J. H. \$5;
Englewood, D. F. \$1; A. L. McC. \$2; E. & M. D. \$5;
Florence, M. McC. \$2.50; Freshold, E. D. \$1; Grant-
wood, J. O'B. \$1; J. E. McG. \$1; M. J. T. & F. \$2;
G. A. H. \$1; M. M. \$5; Hackensack, L. Z. \$1; S. B.
\$5; J. J. C. \$2; D. N. \$1; E. M. \$1; G. F. \$2; L. S. \$2;
J. O. \$10; F. E. H. \$5; Hasbrouck Hgts., G. A. D.
\$5; Harrison, A. G. \$2; C. M. O'B. \$1; A. M. M. \$1;
C. M. O'B. \$1; Highlands, E. A. M. \$5; Lightstown,
T. J. K. \$2; Hoboken, M. C. \$1; M. C. \$1; W. K. B.
\$1; W. N. \$1; A. W. \$1; J. B. \$5; J. O'T. \$2; A. W.
\$1; M. K. \$2; C. McH. \$2; M. M. F. \$5; A. C. F. \$16.50;

M. T. \$1; Mohokna, F. G. H. \$7.17; Irvington, M. McG. \$2; G. A. K. \$5; Jersey City, M. V. H. \$5; J. H. \$1; L. D. \$2; B. B. \$2; J. T. R. \$4.35; G. R. \$3; W. M. \$2; C. W. \$2; M. H. \$1; L. W. & F. \$20; M. C. \$1; M. F. S. \$1; M. G. \$1; E. M. K. \$1; M. M. \$2; A. R. B. \$2; M. B. C. \$2; M. L. \$2; M. C. \$1; G. G. McC. \$1; J. P. \$2; E. C. \$2; M. A. G. \$1; A. T. G. \$1; M. A. G. \$1; O. M. \$3; T. H. F. \$5; K. K. \$5; J. F. N. \$10; M. T. J. \$2; W. M. \$2; E. M. D. \$1; E. B. \$1; M. A. M. \$2; E. M. \$5; J. K. \$1; N. J. L. \$5; P. D. \$2; M. McD. \$1; C. M. \$3; P. W. K. \$1; M. D. \$1; J. C. \$1; A. E. M. \$1; C. C. \$1; A. W. P. \$1; L. M. W. \$1; M. M. \$1; M. K. \$3; J. B. \$1; M. G. \$1; C. M. \$3; F. G. \$1; K. C. \$1; A. McC. \$3; J. R. \$5; M. J. \$2; A. C. F. \$5; B. F. G. \$1; T. A. G. \$50; M. J. F. \$1; M. B. S. \$2; E. H. \$1; M. N. \$2; M. F. C. \$1; A. C. \$5; Anon. \$20; J. J. P. \$5; W. G. \$2; N. J. T. \$5; J. J. S. \$2; E. R. \$2; J. F. \$1; Keansburg, J. L. K. \$1; Kearney, Little Friends \$15; S. W. \$2; M. H. \$2; S. W. \$2; C. W. \$1; J. McK. \$2; Little Ferry, G. H. \$2; Lockport, F. K. \$1; Madison, J. A. \$1; Magnolia, J. C. B. \$2; Maplewood, H. H. \$5; D. K. \$1; Maywood, J. W. N. \$2; R. C. T. \$4; Montclair, J. G. \$10; H. B. E. \$2; M. E. R. \$1; C. C. \$1; M. E. E. \$1; T. J. McH. \$10; C. C. M. \$5; J. C. Y. \$2; Montvale, T. M. \$1; Montville, P. B. \$1; Morsemere, R. M. G. \$1; Newark, E. L. \$1; M. C. \$2; P. J. C. \$10; M. J. C. \$2; A. E. \$1; R. L. \$5; A. M. P. \$1; J. A. K. \$1; J. Q. \$5; G. L. M. \$1; J. N. \$1; A. F. K. \$50; M. H. \$1; H. M. \$2; P. N. \$2; C. H. \$2; E. S. \$1; W. C. R. \$2; W. C. R. \$2; A. C. S. \$1; M. A. V. \$2; M. M. W. \$1; A. G. \$15; M. K. \$2; J. A. K. \$1; J. H. K. \$3.29; M. R. \$1; B. C. M. \$2; E. B. \$1; M. R. \$1; A. C. \$2; M. V. \$2; S. J. \$1; M. T. H. & M. McC. \$2; E. S. \$1; F. H. \$1; F. H. \$1; K. C. \$1; F. M. \$5; R. C. \$1; M. R. S. \$1; H. J. M. \$5; T. S. \$1; M. D. \$1; T. P. M. \$1; T. P. \$5; J. H. P. \$5; J. A. K. \$1; M. C. B. \$2; T. T. \$1; S. W. \$2; H. P. \$2; F. A. F. \$1; J. M. \$1; A. P. \$1; Newton, M. R. \$1; No. Bergen, F. S. \$1; E. B. A. \$5; J. B. \$1.33; E. B. \$1; R. R. \$1; W. J. McD. \$1; Nutley, R. A. B. \$1; R. A. B. \$1; W. J. McD. \$1; M. J. D. \$5; Orange, M. M. \$2; F. A. D. \$10; W. A. H. \$5; M. J. S. \$3; P. J. D. \$1; G. M. \$5; K. R. \$1; T. A. D. \$5; J. C. \$1; M. B. \$2; G. M. \$5; G. M. \$5; Ordell, C. DeY. \$2; Palisade Park, J. W. \$10; Passaic, M. McC. \$1; A. F. \$1; Paterson, M. B. \$1; C. V. \$1; C. C. \$1; S. N. \$2; E. W. \$2; M. J. M. \$5; E. H. \$1; C. A. F. M. \$1; L. A. O. \$10; Plainfield, J. J. F. \$2; C. A. F. M. \$1; L. A. O. \$10; Plainfield, T. W. \$2; Port Reading, F. O. B. \$1; Princeton, H. H. \$15; Ridgefield, W. S. \$1; L. A. K. \$2; J. D. \$1; J. A. M. \$10; M. M. \$1; River Edge, E. B. \$2; Roselle, S. G. \$1; C. L. \$2; J. J. C. \$5; Roselle Park, M. S. \$1; P. T. K. \$2; G. V. D. \$1; Secaucus, Anon. \$2; M. S. \$1; Silver Lake, E. O. \$1; So. Amboy, J. & N. S. \$1; J. B. \$2; J. M. \$2; So. Orange, H. B. \$2; J. A. D. \$25; M. A. M. \$4; A. M. B. \$1; W. E. P. \$1; Anon. \$2; Spring Lake, \$2; Summit, M. S. \$5; A. L. \$2; M. E. M. \$2; T. S. \$2; L. F. B. \$5; E. P. \$1; Trenton, A. S. J. \$1; Union City, A. C. H. \$1; M. J. C. \$1; L. M. \$5; R. L. \$5; E. J. \$1; A. H. \$1; M. W. \$1; F. H. \$1; H. B. \$2; E. M. \$1; J. W. \$3; G. G. \$1; W. \$1; C. B. \$2; F. J. E. \$2; Anon. \$5; F. H. \$1; A. H. \$1; T. F. \$2; M. C. \$2; J. D. \$5; F. H. & H. L. \$4; M. & M. L. \$5; M. N. \$2; M. T. E. \$2; D. G. \$1; F. H. \$2; F. P. D. \$2; J. S. \$1; R. Van S. \$1.56; M. Van S. \$2.07; Weehawken, P. C. \$5; K. G. \$25; A. J. D. \$5; M. G. S. \$1; K. G. \$10; O. S. \$1; H. F. \$1; K. & B. B. \$1; W. D. \$2; C. B. \$10; K. T. \$1; M. L. \$1; M. McC. \$1; M. L. \$2; A. T. S. \$10; M. F. \$1; A. T. S. \$10; I. R. J. \$1; J. W. \$1; H. S. \$5; H. B. \$1; R. L. O. N. \$2; A. G. W. \$1; W. N. \$3.50; K. G. \$25; A. S. \$3; A. T. S. \$10; M. O. C. \$1; Wellesville, M. O. C. \$1; Westfield, M. A. G. \$2; A. J. N. \$5; C. J. S. \$1; F. N. \$2; C. J. S. \$2; West New York, M. E. C. \$5; Westmont, C. J. M. \$2; E. M. \$2; West Orange, M. L. \$2; B. R. \$1; P. J. C. \$1; J. A. B. \$2; A. McK. \$3.70; J. F. \$1; M. B. \$3; E. C. \$2; Westwood, W. W. R. \$2; M. N. \$1; Wharton, M. V. D. \$2; G. V. \$1; Wildwood, M. P. P. \$2; Woodcliff, A. M. E. \$1; K. S. \$5; R. K. \$1; G. W. P. \$2; L. M. \$1; A. M. E. \$1; J. B. H. \$1. N. M. \$1; Santa Fe, L. S. F. W. \$2. N. Y. Albany, H. K. \$1; H. K. \$1; T. C. \$1; J. M. \$2; J. J. C. \$2; M. L. R. \$1; C. M. \$3; Amsterdam, M. L. \$1; Astoria, J. S. \$2; M. A. B. \$3; G. S. \$2; N. McC. \$1; M. C. McK. \$2; E. O. B. \$20.30; A. R. Q. \$1; K. A. H. \$2; L. F. D. \$5; M. A. V. \$1; H. J. A. \$5; H. P. & F. \$2; T. P. G. \$2; F. F. \$1; M. J. C. H. \$5; J. V. K. \$1; M. J. \$5; M. F. \$2; R. B. \$5; A. B. \$1; M. C. \$2; R. F. E. \$5; M. B. \$5; E. K. \$3; M. G. \$1; K. J. \$1; F. G. \$2; J. McG. \$5; W. W. \$1; Auburn, S. M. B. \$2; M. M. D. \$1; Baldwin, M. M. T. \$5; J. E. L. \$5; Bay Ridge, B. S. \$1; Bay Shore, D. S. B. \$1; H. G. \$1; A. E. P. \$2; K. K. \$1; M. E. \$1; E. S. \$2; Bayville, K. I. S. \$1; S. K. \$1; Beechhurst, T. V. C. \$1; W. E. R. \$5; E. R. \$5; Belle Harbor, C. E. McC. \$10; Binghamton, E. F. McM. \$1; W. G. \$1; J. R. \$10; M. L. \$3; Brentwood, S. H. M. \$5; Bridgehampton, M. C. R. \$5; M. C. R. \$5; Bronville, Anon. \$1; Brook-

lyn, W. H. B. \$1; F. \$2; F. J. E. \$2; B. \$1; W. J. F. \$1; E. J. S. \$1; A. J. \$1; P. J. M. \$2; A. L. W. \$2; S. B. \$1; K. O. C. \$5; K. W. \$10; M. F. \$5; J. & C. B. \$2; W. R. \$1; W. J. R. \$5; J. J. \$1; T. S. \$2; F. R. \$5; F. X. E. \$2; F. F. \$3; F. Z. \$1; C. B. \$2; M. D. \$1; E. Z. \$1; H. McB. \$5; B. T. D. \$1; M. T. \$3; M. C. \$2; J. J. S. \$5; M. K. \$2; Anon. \$1; B. F. G. \$1; M. K. & M. D. \$3; A. C. A. \$5; K. B. \$3; J. A. \$3; E. A. L. \$2; B. F. C. \$2; C. H. \$1; J. C. \$1; M. B. \$2; J. H. F. \$1; T. J. \$2; K. K. \$2; J. S. \$5; M. D. \$1; L. S. D. \$2; W. H. \$1; J. B. \$1; C. Z. \$10; D. C. \$2; E. M. \$1; M. B. \$3; K. G. \$1; K. D. \$5; M. M. \$2; G. M. \$1; E. J. K. \$5; M. S. \$2; J. S. \$1.25; A. F. \$7; M. E. F. \$4; K. G. D. \$2; T. E. O. B. \$1; A. T. \$1; J. J. S. \$1; S. E. C. \$5; A. S. \$1; J. W. \$1; A. S. \$1; M. M. \$1; M. R. \$2; E. & R. R. \$2; S. T. \$2; B. L. \$1; J. L. \$3; D. R. \$5; G. C. L. \$1; J. N. \$1; E. M. A. \$5; M. J. C. \$1; M. H. \$1; P. Mc. \$1; M. K. \$1; H. C. \$2.75; B. B. \$1; M. D. D. \$1; P. W. \$1; C. A. S. \$1; Anon. \$1; S. \$1; A. C. \$4; M. E. K. \$1; J. F. D. \$2; E. F. C. \$5; M. J. \$1; F. J. \$5; E. B. Z. \$1; M. S. McK. \$1; K. R. B. \$1; M. K. S. \$2; L. R. \$1; M. E. \$2; N. C. \$4; W. S. \$2; H. G. \$5; J. H. \$5; L. S. \$2; K. B. \$1; D. A. A. \$5; L. A. S. \$1; B. K. \$1; E. McG. \$5; M. M. \$3; A. O. D. \$1; A. F. O. R. \$1; J. J. P. \$1; F. M. \$5; T. W. K. \$15; F. J. B. \$3; J. F. McN. \$5; I. M. F. \$1; H. D. \$5; A. R. C. \$15; W. J. F. \$10; J. J. N. \$2; E. A. M. \$5; J. W. P. \$25; A. C. \$1; W. V. R. \$5; A. McG. \$1; H. C. \$1; M. McL. \$1; J. R. \$1; J. G. \$2; F. G. \$2; J. G. \$1; M. B. \$1; M. B. \$2; L. C. \$5; A. C. \$5; M. C. \$2; E. K. \$1; R. J. H. \$5; C. W. F. \$15; M. C. \$1; M. B. \$3; M. K. \$5; M. R. N. \$5; E. C. \$5; F. D. R. \$26.87; E. G. \$7; K. B. \$2; M. R. \$2; C. J. S. \$2; M. McD. \$1; K. G. \$2; K. R. B. \$1; A. T. C. \$10; J. F. McC. \$1; M. M. \$1; T. K. \$2; H. C. \$1; M. J. \$2; M. G. \$1; A. L. P. \$1; H. S. \$10; L. McG. \$1; C. M. \$1; K. F. \$1; L. M. B. \$12; A. W. \$1; H. C. \$1; C. W. T. \$10; M. D. P. \$1; S. M. M. \$5; P. F. \$1; R. E. E. \$1; W. J. C. \$25; M. M. \$1; M. T. M. \$3; E. J. G. \$5; M. E. R. \$5; A. H. \$2; J. C. D. \$2; H. L. D. \$5; T. A. C. \$10; R. C. K. \$2; J. R. \$6; M. C. S. \$2; A. K. \$2; F. J. F. \$10; M. H. \$2; E. V. E. \$6; E. S. \$2; A. D. \$5; A. I. M. \$5; L. F. N. \$1; J. V. E. \$3; M. C. \$3; M. C. \$2; M. F. \$3; J. C. \$1; M. S. \$3.50; T. M. B. \$50; J. T. B. \$1; M. K. \$5; M. McD. \$2; M. G. \$1; N. R. \$1; A. A. M. \$2; M. F. McC. \$25; E. McC. \$10; Anon. \$1; B. G. \$1; J. G. \$5; P. C. \$2; K. M. \$2; A. McC. \$1; F. H. M. \$15; J. McK. \$3; M. F. McC. \$5; R. O. \$5; M. McL. \$1; M. E. F. \$4; C. C. \$3; H. J. L. \$2; J. K. \$1; W. W. \$1; A. C. \$10; M. E. B. \$1; M. M. \$1; G. G. F. \$2; B. C. \$1; W. V. R. \$5; G. E. G. \$1; J. E. McM. \$1; J. J. 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brook, J. L. T. \$5; F. O. R. \$3; Maspet, E. W. O. C. \$10; L. O. L. \$5; Merrick, J. F. \$1; Middletown, S. V. \$5.50; Millbrook, M. F. \$5; Miloa, M. D. \$2; Mont-
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(Continued in the June issue)

STATEMENT OF CONDITION
OF
Highland Trust Company

of New Jersey

Summit Avenue and Seventh Street
(TRANSFER STATION)
UNION CITY, N. J.

At Close of Business, December 31st, 1926

ASSETS

U. S. Government Bonds . . .	\$ 342,215.94
State, County and City Bonds . .	261,502.48
Railroad Bonds and other Stocks and Bonds	1,214,462.76
First Mortgage on Real Estate . .	2,233,958.25
Loans and Notes Purchased . . .	1,233,958.25
Cash on Hand and in Banks . . .	321,094.16
Accrued Interest Receivable . . .	69,864.20
Real Estate, Furniture & Fixtures .	81,001.00

\$5,854,099.28

LIABILITIES

Capital	\$ 300,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits . .	248,757.95
Unearned Discount	4,539.92
Reserved for Interest, Taxes, etc. .	7,893.31
Bills Payable	200,000.00
Reserved for Dividend No. 31 . . .	7,500.00
Deposits	5,085,408.10

\$5,854,099.28

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of Merit**

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MEMBERS OF THIS SOCIETY ARE ENROLLED AS PERPETUAL BENEFACTORS OF THE PASSIONIST MISSIONARIES IN CHINA, AND PARTICIPATE IN THE FOLLOWING SPIRITUAL BENEFITS:

While Living: One Holy Mass every day of the year; a High Mass in every Passionist Monastery throughout the world on these Feasts:

Jan. 1, The Circumcision	Aug. 25, St. Bartholomew
Jan. —, Holy Name of Jesus	Sept. 8, Nativity of Mary
Feb. 2, Purification of Mary	Sept. 22, St. Matthew
Feb. 22, St. Matthias	Oct. 28, Sts. Simon and Jude
May 1, Sts. Philip and James	Nov. 30, St. Andrew
May 3, Finding of the Holy Cross	Dec. 21, St. Thomas
July 25, St. James	Dec. 26, St. Stephen
	Dec. 28, St. John, Evangelist

After Death: One Holy Mass on every day of the year; in every Passionist Monastery in the world, Holy Mass and the Divine Office for the Dead on the first day of every month, and High Mass of Requiem with Funeral Rites and Divine Office for the Dead within the Octave of All Souls Day.

Furthermore: Both the Living and the Dead Benefactors share in the Special Prayers recited every day by all Passionist Communities. In particular, they share in all the Masses, Prayers and Good Works of the Passionist Missionaries in China.

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LONG AFTER you are forgotten even by your own, membership in the Passionist Chinese Mission Society will entitle you to the spiritual helps you may need. * * * * As for your deceased friends and relatives, what better gift than enrollment in this Society?

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